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### TO THE CLERGY

**T**HE Clergy are requested to notify "The Mailing Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York," of changes in their post-office addresses in order that the Board's publications may be correctly mailed to them.

### CONCERNING WILLS

**I**T is earnestly requested that inquiries be made concerning Wills admitted to probate whether they contain bequests to this Society, and that information of all such bequests be communicated to the Treasurer without delay. In making bequests for missions it is most important to give the exact title of the Society, thus: *I give, devise, and bequeath to The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, for the use of the Society.*.....If it is desired that the bequest should be applied to some particular department of the work, there should be substituted for the words, "For the Use of the Society," the words "For Domestic Missions," or "For Foreign Mis-sions," or "For Work Among the Indians," or "For Work Among Colored Peo-ple," or "For Work in Africa," or "For Work in China," etc.



“Come! See the Place Where the Lord Lay!”

# The Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW  
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

HUGH L. BURLESON, Editor

CHAS. E. BETTICHER, Managing Editor

VOL. LXXXI

May, 1916

No. 5

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh, that I seek  
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be  
A Face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me  
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!  
—Browning's "Saul"

## THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

**A** GAIN it is the Easter-tide, when nature and revelation unite in proclaiming the gospel of the Resurrection Life. The Risen Lord appears to his own, bringing them courage and comfort and full assurance of peace—the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come.

New eyes are seeing, new hearts are welcoming a conquering Christ. Two hundred thousand are singing their Easter hymns to-day who did not know Him a year ago. In Africa and China, in India and Turkey, on all the great Continents and in the Islands of the Seas there has been gathered a great army of new-born Christians. This is the victory of missions, the present day fulfillment of the old command which sent the disciples forth to preach among all nations the gospel of "Jesus and the Resurrection."

**Q**UIET but steady results are being accomplished in the matter of the giving of One Day's Income. Many are recognizing with satisfaction the privilege of this method of adding a definite amount to their usual missionary offerings, and are consecrating a day of service to the Master's cause. Those whose task it is to conduct the correspondence with the givers, find it a real joy and comfort. A spirit of thanksgiving breathes through it all. None are counting it as an impost or a hardship. One woman, whose home has been destroyed by fire, sends a check written on note-paper. Another increases her offering fifty per cent. "not because my income, but my interest in missions, has increased." Another letter, covering a check for \$100, says: "The writer had decided to send the enclosed before the One

Day's Income appeal came. I think it a splendid idea;" and still another remarks: "I am sending a money order for one day's income. I sent it last year without finding myself any poorer. I am sorry this plan was not commenced sooner, for I am an old woman."

The idea of giving a day's income has reached the Philippine Islands with the result that two of our missions among the Igorots in the mountains of Luzon have sent, out of their poverty, the sum of \$63.84.

We must quote, in closing, the words of a Southern layman who, in sending his check, writes: "I am perfectly in accord with the sentiments advanced for the spread of the Gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth and to all nations. I have recently returned from a trip to the Orient and the antipodes and have seen the work being done by those brave servants of our Lord who have given up all that is near and dear to a person for the service of the Lord, and it is certainly our duty to uphold them by our support so we may reap the blessings on the seed we sow."

**A** LARGE-TYPE article by Herbert Kaufman, on a syndicated page of editorial matter, has appeared in several papers throughout the country. The article bears the title "A Lean Year for Foreign Missions," and the full text is as follows:

"We have no money for foreign missions this year. The salvage of heathen souls cannot interest a civilization struggling to do God's work among the starving bodies of Europe.

"There are homeless multitudes in Belgium and Serbia and Poland whose plight deafens our purses

to the spiritual peril of the black brethren.

"Send your money for the rescue of lives—pay your tithe for the feeding of babies and the clothing of women and helpless old folk in the blighted Kingdoms of Grief.

"We have neither resources nor time to dissipate on evangelists who count a Hottentot chief higher than an outcast child. Philanthropy is bankrupt before the appalling woe and desolation across the Atlantic. To send one dollar into the wilds during this frightful hour of white man's need is maudlin sentimentality, and any missionary of any church who would deny the bereft and famine-pressed over yonder, to finance a gospel in the jungle, is no true servant of the Master."

A pronouncement such as the above can win the approval of only the most uninformed, unintelligent and prejudiced persons. On the surface, and for the moment, there seems to be an argument in the statement that heathen souls are not to be saved at the expense of starving bodies in Europe; but when the writer goes on to state that the plight of homeless multitudes in Belgium and Serbia and Poland "deafens our purses to the spiritual peril of the black brethren" we find ourselves groping in a wilderness of words. How does one "deafen purses," and who are the "black brethren?"

We heartily agree with him when he says later on that "we have neither resources nor time to dissipate on evangelists who count a Hottentot chief higher than an outcast child;" but, while agreeing, we wonder who these evangelists can possibly be. We have never encountered one of that sort. We vote with acclaim for his final statement

that "any missionary of any church who would deny the bereft and famine-pressed over yonder, to finance a gospel in the jungle, is no true servant of the Master;" but did it ever occur to the protesting gentleman that statements such as these are the best possible means of drying up the sources of Christian compassion? To set up one worthy cause as the rival of another is, to use the language of the Frenchman, "worse than a crime—it is a blunder!"

If money were being withheld from the needs of Europe in order to finance the needs in Africa or China—if spiritual instruction were being given to the heathen with cash diverted from the starving children of Europe, there might be an excuse for this editorial. But as a matter of fact, the greatest year of missionary giving—1915—was at the same time the greatest year of general philanthropy. It was while we were feeding Belgium that we were also fulfilling more adequately our duty to foreign missions.

Indeed, the outcry of the editorial gentleman is not only stupid, it seems well-nigh insincere. He must know perfectly well that the means at the disposal of the American people are ample for both purposes. What we give to foreign missions is absurdly small; where one cent of American money is being devoted to this cause, \$1.35 is being spent for drink and 55 cents for tobacco. It would certainly seem that the starving children of Europe need not necessarily be fed at the expense of foreign missions.

The philanthropic and humanitarian impulses of the author do him credit, but does he realize that he is a debtor to Christianity for these very impulses, and that only because of the foreign missions of another age is he able to feel them at all? Also it might be well to remind him that it is the universal experience of

those who have had to do with charitable and philanthropic work that one good cause helps instead of hindering another. The editor of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* is certain that he speaks not only for himself but for every official connected with any missionary enterprise when he declares that he would not, if he could, divert a single dollar from the relief of Europe. On the contrary, he rejoices when gifts for the war sufferers increase, not only because of his passionate desire that this awful suffering may be relieved, but also because he knows that "a rising tide lifts all the boats," and that every good cause should profit by the sympathy which this crying need awakens in the hearts of men and women who too long have been concerned chiefly about their own comfort and gratification.

Indeed—and seriously—if Mr. Kaufman desires to dry up the streams of Christian benevolence he can go about it in no better way than by writing a few more editorials like the one quoted above.

IT would be idle to say that the war has had no detrimental effect upon missionary work. It is

#### Effects of the War

quite true that most of the predictions have not been fulfilled. Missionary giving has not fallen off, nor have non-Christian nations shut the doors of opportunity in the face of the Christian Church. But inevitably the war has made difficulties and worked damage. Perhaps in India, most of all, the serious results of warfare upon missionary enterprise can best be seen. Here we have a great land of non-Christian people, under the rule of one of the allies, so far from the Mother Country as to present many serious problems. What have been the results?

First, there has been a serious de-

pletion of the missionary staff—some have gone to the front as military chaplains, some as doctors and nurses, and more than one hospital in India has closed because of this. New missionaries also are not forthcoming in sufficient numbers. The destruction of the best young life of England is already telling upon the missionary recruits. The second serious effect of the war is seen upon the institutions. There is a necessary retrenchment of expenditure and a cutting down of workers. It has been found necessary to “mark time” and in certain instances even to fall back. The third result is hopeful and inspiring. The missionaries testify to a general awakening among Indian Christians, who are facing the crisis with a quickened sense of responsibility. The war’s depressing influence upon some aspects of the missionary activity has been compensated for in a new development of responsibility and earnest initiative on the part of Indian Christians themselves.

#### German Missions in India

Another, and a well-nigh tragic feature of the war’s effect upon mission work is to be found in the German missions in India. These are established in five principal centers. The repatriation or internment of the German foreign mission staff was deemed necessary by the government, but with such consideration was this accomplished that most of the excellent work of these missions is still conserved and very little has been abandoned. The superintendence of one mission has been taken over by an Anglican bishop and two others by American Lutheran Societies.

Between the missionaries themselves there has been maintained a spirit of the utmost sympathy and helpfulness. At a meeting of the National Missionary Council held

last November, comprising some forty of the leading missionaries in India, the following resolution was unanimously voted:

“The National Missionary Council desires to place on record an expression of its deep thankfulness to God for the disinterested and self-denying labors of German missionaries in India, to which we owe the establishment, not only of the existing German, but also of some of the most flourishing British missions. The Council is convinced that their labors have throughout been inspired by devotion to Jesus Christ, and directed to the spiritual elevation of the people of India. The Council regrets, and would wholly dissociate itself from, those imputations of ulterior political motives which have been so freely made against it. The Council recognizes the grave difficulty of the situation created by the war, and gratefully appreciates the sympathetic consideration which has characterized the attitude of the government in dealing with it. At the same time, the Council deeply regrets that the labors of the missionaries have inevitably been interrupted, and sympathizes with them in their present separation from the work which they love. Further, the Council deplures that the exigencies of the war have led to the interruption of that fellowship between German and other missionaries which was enjoyed before its commencement, and earnestly hopes that on the conclusion of peace, in the good providence of God, conditions may be such as to make possible the resumption of this happy coöperation in the task of extending Christ’s Kingdom. In such coöperation lies one great hope of accomplishing the complete reconciliation of the nations now so widely sundered.”

This is the spirit which has dominated the missionary forces in all parts of the world, so that men and women whose countries are facing one another in deadly conflict stand shoulder to shoulder in the far quarters of the earth carrying on the war against heathenism as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. God hasten the day when the barriers which war has erected may be broken down!

THE Christian world—so far as it is able, with benumbed conscience, to feel anything in the midst

of this ghastly riot  
**Crucified** of war and blood-  
**Armenia** shed—has been  
 horror-stricken at

the reports which came from that part of the Turkish Empire known as Armenia. Here, in the most ancient cradle of the Christian Church, a virile people have, with untold sufferings, borne testimony to their faith.

For uncounted years persecutions have been deliberately organized against them; from generation to generation they have lived with their lives in their hands. Turkey has never more than tolerated their presence, in spite of—or, may it not be said, because of—their industry and ability. But now it seems as though the final drama were being enacted. The Ottoman Government, released from the pressure which many Christian nations brought to bear upon it, and angered by the events of the world war, has gone about the deliberate extermination of a subject race, largely if not chiefly because of its Christian faith. The tales of massacre, torture and deportation (and this is intended as a climax, for a quick death by knife or bullet is merciful compared with the other two) which are testified to by reputable witnesses, and which our own American missionaries bring home to us, are almost beyond imagination

and certainly beyond telling! Over this doomed land an impenetrable veil now hangs. That a remnant of the nation still survives is certain; that the majority are already dead seems most probable. Perhaps the incoming of the Russians, who are now making headway from the north, will stay the hand of slaughter and give the survivors a chance for life, but among the cries which go up to the ear of the just God from the lips of his wronged and murdered children, none are more poignant than those of crucified Armenia. May His arm speedily save and His providence right the wrong!

The editor had the privilege a short time ago of attending a dinner given in honor of the Hon. Henry Morgenthau, Ambassador to Turkey. We have every reason to be grateful for the wise and generous way in which Ambassador Morgenthau has conducted himself in a most difficult situation. Even the Turks themselves will some day be conscious of the service he has rendered in mitigating the hardships and cruelties of the war. He is especially eager to help the Armenians, and declares that it is now possible, with every \$25 contributed, to save permanently an Armenian family and re-establish them upon the land. This would be a boon, not only to the Armenians but to the Turks themselves, for the destruction of the Armenians and the Greeks who reside within Turkish territory means commercial suicide for the dominant race.

THE Editor would call attention to the statement made by Archdeacon Stuck on page 364 of this issue. The archdeacon presents most forcibly a case which should elicit the sympathetic attention of the thousands of Church people who are familiar with the heroic and self-denying work of the Rev. Dr. Chapman in Alaska.

# Now Is Christ Risen from the Dead:

## THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

### TELL HOW

**A**POSTLES of the risen Christ, go forth!

Let love compel.

Go, and in risen power proclaim His worth,

O'er every region of the dead, cold earth,

His glory tell!

Tell how He lived, and toiled, and wept below;

Tell all His love;

Tell the dread wonders of His awful woe;

Tell how he fought our fight, and smote our foe,

Then rose above!

Tell how in weakness He was crucified, But rose in power;

Went up on high, accepted, glorified; News of His victory spread far and wide,

From hour to hour.

Tell how He sits at the right hand of God

In glory bright,

Making the heaven of heavens His glad abode;

Tell how He cometh with the iron rod His foes to smite.

Tell how His kingdom shall through ages stand,

And never cease;

Spreading like sunshine over every land,

All nations bowing to His high command,

Great Prince of Peace!

—*Horatius Bonar*



### THANKSGIVINGS

**W**E thank Thee—

For the glorious resurrection of Him "Who brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

That the Church is ministering, be it ever so imperfectly, to the needs of the suffering people of Mexico. (Page 327.)

For the devoted missionary service

of thy servant J. Lindsay Patton. (Page 356.)

That though their countries are at war, missionaries find themselves bound together in the love of Christ. (Page 322.)



### INTERCESSIONS

**W**E pray Thee—

To give to us the vision of the risen Christ standing ready to help and guide us. (Page 325.)

To deliver from their torture, and to build again, the desolated Armenian race. (Page 323.)

To strengthen and encourage those who are laboring to bring the Indian race to the knowledge of Thy Son. (Page 331.)

To raise up volunteers in answer to the calls of the mission field. (Page 341.)

To guide the hearts of all who are in authority, giving them grace and wisdom to execute justice and maintain truth.



### PRAYERS

#### For Guidance

**O**VERRULE, we pray Thee, O God, the passions and designs of men.

Let Thy strong hand control the nations and bring forth, out of the present discord, a harmony more perfect than we can conceive; a new humility, a new understanding, a new purity and sincerity, a new sense of reality, a new hunger and thirst for Thy love to rule on the earth. *Amen.*

#### For Missions

**R**EMEMBER for good, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the missionary work of Thy Church; protect and provide for Thy servants in the mission fields in every danger and in all their need. Give to the native churches, and to us at home, such an increased spirit of faith, sacrifice, and service that Thy work may not be hindered, but that Thy Kingdom may be advanced; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

## The First-Fruits of Them That Slept

# THE OPENING OF THE DOOR

## AN EASTER VISION

By Marie E. J. Hobart

As a special assignment in a mission study class the leader gave the question, "Suppose the Church were today to fling open the door widely, what would she see standing on the other side?" This paper is an answer.

IT happened early on Easter morning at the Eucharist. No one who was there could ever forget it, for it was the supreme experience of our lives. Everything that has ever happened to us, or that ever will happen, we shall date from that morning: "Before the door was opened" or "After the door was opened." But to each one present it was doubtless different. I can only tell what it was to me.

Our parish church was crowded to its utmost capacity, not only because it was the first Eucharist of Easter Day, but also because since the great war religion has meant so much more to people than it used to mean. I remember noticing how the faces of the men and women looked, purified by suffering and penitence, quivering with earnestness, eyes deep with longing.

The priest had just said for us all, "*And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto Thee.*" We had bowed our heads in self-oblation, and as we raised them again and looked towards the altar, we saw happen a wonderful thing. The altar and all that was on it melted away and in its place stood a massive door. The door was covered along the edges with bolts; oh, so many bolts! Some were heavy and formidable, some were slender but strong as steel, some were very old and rusted, but we saw with deep interest that *every bolt was drawn clear!* Not only so, but on the ground many

bolts were lying broken, and we could see the scars where they had been wrenched from the door. In this pile I recognized two stubborn little bolts, and I remembered when I had torn them from the door so that they could never obstruct again. On either side of the door there was a heap of rubbish, but pushed clean out of the way. Among these rejected things I saw many worthless objects, and others quite useful and beautiful, but it was deadly to have them barring entrance through the door.

The priest had been examining to make sure that all the bolts were drawn. At last he turned to the people and said: "Shall I open the door in your name?"

And like the sound of many waters, deep calling unto deep, came the response: "*Open the door! Open it wide! Open it now!*"

He raised the latch and threw the door wide open and we saw standing there—JESUS, OUR LORD.

I think that flowers were growing about His feet, that birds were singing to Him in the trees overhead. I think that fleecy clouds were floating in the blue skies about Him, and that a soft, fresh wind blew into the church, a wind from other worlds; but this is all a vague impression. One thing only I do know, that *Jesus our Lord was standing there, and that when the door was opened He came through into our midst.*

Not one of spoke or moved. We hardly breathed, I think. We were

stunned with surprise; yes, and with something very like fear.

Jesus looked round on us and said, "It is I, be not afraid"; and when He saw that we were beginning to realize what had happened He smiled and said: "Oh foolish ones, and slow of heart to believe! For how many years have I been saying to you through my servant John, 'If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in unto Him'? Yet when you do open and find me here you are *surprised*."

After that Jesus looked at me and I forgot everything else. The other people seemed to fade away and I was alone with Him. I have been told that such was the experience of every one else in the Church. He deals with us sometimes all together, and sometimes one by one. So He looked at me, and His eyes like sweet shafts of light and love pierced me through and through. He saw me, and made me see myself, as I really was. The scars of past sins were unspeakably hideous. Every mean and jealous disloyal thought, every feverish and inordinate desire, all sordidness and crass worldliness, every irritable and hateful and unprofitable word, every disobedient and selfish act, was laid bare—foul and raw and horrible. Thus was I judged and made to judge myself. I tried to say "Depart from me, for I am full of sin, O Lord," but instead I only said "Jesus, Mercy!" And He said "Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." I had often thought of these sweet words as spoken to the paralytic, but how different it is to have them spoken by Jesus to me in the quiet chamber of my heart!

And then I told Him of my unfruitfulness, and showed Him the corpses of my neglected opportunities. He said, very tenderly, "The branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the Vine. Apart from Me

you can do nothing." And I said that I would never try to again.

Then we spoke of friendship, and He said that I had indeed accepted Him for my Saviour and worshipped Him as God, but that I had never taken Him at His word in the matter of friendship. I said: "Blessed Lord, I know that Thou art my first and best and dearest Friend." "But," said He, "hast thou given me thy friendship?" I began to say that my friendship was such a poor and worthless thing, but He said, "Thou hast not chosen me, but I have chosen thee." And He said that my friendship was precious to Him, and just then I saw the wounds in His feet. I tried to speak but could not, yet He understood, (It is wonderful how He *never* misunderstands), and stooping He put into my hand a white stone on which was written my new name, a name which no one will ever know but Him and me, and the name not only showed me how well He knew me, but also revealed His ideal for me, the beautiful thing that dwelling in me He would help me to become. Thus was our friendship sealed in a sweet intimacy which nothing in earth or heaven, in time or space, can ever cloud.

Then taking courage I asked Him some childish questions about the life in Paradise of which I know so little, and where I have so much at stake. His look was the very poetry of sympathy, but He only said, "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God; also believe in Me." And my whole being, to its deepest recesses, was flooded with warm, trustful love, which I felt was better than the knowledge of things withheld which I had sought to win.

He spoke again and said, still tenderly, "One thing thou lackest yet," and He told me what it was. Then when I was troubled at its hardness, and the fear that I might

not make good, He said, "I will help you. Take my yoke upon you; it will bear the heaviest load and the greatest strain."

Then He lifted up His voice and spoke to the whole Church and as He did so, I saw them again, all kneeling beside me and around me. By their faces I knew that each one had also been with Him alone, and that they all held in their hands the white stone, the seal of friendship. What He said to us was this: "One

thing ye all lack—Love, love and more love; till ye are all come unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Perfect Love. Love, love, and more love; until ye are indeed the children of your Father which is in Heaven." Then He raised His pierced hands above our heads and said, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Go, make disciples of all nations; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."



OPENING OF THE NOPALA HOSPITAL, MARCH 22, 1916

## NOPALA AND ITS HOSPITAL

*By Archdeacon Mellen*

YOU would not think it was much of a place for a hospital. The village of Nopala in the State of Hidalgo in Mexico is not large, and as you look out across the hills in the dry season, it does not seem possible that many people could be found within a radius of five miles. There are plenty of stones and boulders even in the paths and roads; there are plenty of thorny cactus trees—a great many different kinds of them—and there is

very little water. Surely, this is no place for a hospital. This is what you would say the first time you see the village, before you have made a visit at the house of the missionary, Rev. Mr. Salinas, and before you know the sort of work that he and Mrs. Salinas have done there for several years.

Of course, it would seem easy enough for the poor country people to call in a doctor when they fall sick or when they are hurt by some

stupid accident. But suppose there were no doctor in all the countryside, and suppose the people were so very poor that they had no money to pay a doctor if one were within call. Don't you suppose that they would be willing to walk a very long way in order to get some sort of help? And don't you suppose that a little tender nursing, and some care and food, would be a great solace and boon to people in such a plight?

As a matter of fact the house of the missionary in Nopala has been for many years a place from which no one was ever turned away, and from far off over the hills have come many sick men and women, as well as little children, to receive for the asking all the help and all of the medical skill that the house could afford. It was indeed a "House of Hope," and if the case were beyond the power of the missionary and his wife there was at least true sympathy for suffering and some food, and lodging from the chill night wind and from the heat of the mid-day sun.

Once upon a time it happened that after the corn had been planted, and when it was more than half-grown, a terrible blighting frost came down upon that whole country; in the morning the fields were glistening and sparkling with crystals and with diamonds, but as soon as the sun began to beat and blaze upon the earth, all the corn turned black, the leaves shriveled and withered, and with it the hopes of the people, for it was too late to plant more and hunger was sure to come. Then it was that corn came from the land of the north at the call of the good bishop, and from the house of the missionary in Nopala there went out trains of donkeys loaded with the precious food of the people. Old feeble men, and mothers with their children, came to the mission house; some were sick and some were just

weak from the hunger, but none went away without more than he had asked: kindness, sympathy and Christian love—food for the soul as well as for the body.

One day—it was several years ago—a little boy came, almost crawling to the door of the mission house; a few rags and shreds of cotton cloth covered but poorly the thin little wreck of a body, and in his hands and feet were cactus thorns. The angel of the mission, Mrs. Salinas, (who happens to be a product of the Hooker Memorial School), tenderly removed the thorns and gave him food; the care of all of her own children and the fact that she was at the time entertaining the Bishop, apparently made no difference with her care for this poor boy. The bishop noted all these things and resolved that there should be a real hospital in Nopala.

How easy! Just ask for some money, build a hospital, place in it a doctor and a nurse, and the thing is done. The first two things were not so difficult. A generous response to an appeal; real estate not hard to get, plenty of stone on the lot, and we soon have a solid building that will last for ages. But even with plenty of beds and blankets and sheets, and quite a supply of other things, we still have to deal with revolution, and armies crossing and recrossing the country; and we must remember that these soldiers have to sleep out in the chilly nights on the plain and need warm blankets; and we must not forget that when a pillow case is slit open at one end and the feathers shaken out it makes a fine saddle bag, and a Mexican soldier, whether he walks or rides, needs something in which to carry things. (His own, as well as the things he borrows.)

Nevertheless, the Nopala Hospital was formally opened on the 22nd of March, and the doctor, who is a son



BISHOP AVES AND HIS SON, THE MISSIONARY DOCTOR  
*The Bishop has his arm in a sling, having injured his shoulder in a fall from his horse*

of the bishop, has begun his work for the sick and the suffering. The chapel, close by the hospital, is a fine building of great, solid stones, and here, on the day of the opening, a large class was presented for confirmation, and a hearty and very reverent celebration of the Holy Communion followed. Some of the gospel conditions were there, for many of the people came from far, and if sent away hungry they would faint by the way. Therefore, ample food was provided for all, and many of the poor, half-clothed people probably would not get hearty food in plenty for a year to come.

Of course, the real work of the hospital has been going on for several years in the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Salinas, but a medical missionary and the new building are at once put into use, as is shown by the following letter written by the Bishop within a few days after the formal opening:

Nopala, Hidalgo,  
 March 27, 1916.

I have been hoping that the doc-

tor could return with me to-day, but now that appears to be doubtful, for he has seven patients in bed; two boys with broken ankles, another boy with hand shot nearly off (three fingers amputated and another still doubtful); a young man with bone abscess of the hand, and another with a terrible sore on his back; one man with smallpox, and another with typhus, who also has symptoms of pneumonia; and just this minute comes a poor mother with a nearly naked five-year-old girl with hands torn and face shattered by dynamite (the child's eyes can be saved).

An old Indian and wife have just come with a small chicken and three eggs, all in the world they can offer; they are the grandparents of one of the boys with a broken ankle. And next comes a woman with a bad wound from the bite of a dog. This makes nine people in bed, seven of whom have come in during the last twelve hours; and besides these many are coming constantly with minor ailments and for medi-

cine. I have just located the site for a small outbuilding where the typhus and smallpox cases can be received, cleaned and re-clothed before entering the hospital; this must be done at once, for three of the men who came last night were covered with lice—the kind that are known to carry the typhus.

The doctor has treated twelve new cases this morning. This has been for me such a blessed day as suggests the *Nunc dimittis*, for it means much to have seen the concrete demonstration of the love of Christ for the needy as shown through his Church. While I have been watching the doctor trimming and binding the little hands, taking out bone splinters from the little ankles, sewing up wounds, etc., my thoughts have darted out to those who ask whether the Church's mission in Latin-America is worth while, and who try to reach an answer through figures and the \$

sign. As well try to measure the worth of the blessed Master's mission of mercy to the ignorant and helpless among the hills of Galilee.

A pneumonia case has just been received, and another typhus case is reported on the way. This crowds the accommodations of the hospital, for while we have twenty-two beds in the four wards, there are only sixteen blankets (our stock of blankets was somewhat depleted when the two armies were contending for this place a year ago).

I have wished many times that you were here to see how truly and largely the hospital is justifying its name and mission as a "House of Hope" in the wilderness.

Yours very sincerely,

H. D. A.

We ask for the prayers of the readers of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS that the hospital may go on for many years thus justifying its name and its holy and merciful mission.

*As this issue is going to press, the news comes that Dr. Aves, the bishop's son, is ill with typhus fever, which is of course a very terrible disease. The bishop himself is far from well. The prayers of the Church should be made in their behalf.*



MRS. SAMUEL SALINAS AND SOME OF HER LITTLE MEXICANS

*The children on either side of her are her own*



THE PARCELS POST CHURCH

## OUR TRAIL-RIDERS AMONG THE KAROKS

*By the Rev. John E. Shea*

OUR mission among the Karok Indians in the Northern California mountains is rejoicing over a completed new church. The initial service was held on Christmas Day. Both nave and chancel were crowded to their capacity by a happy congregation, composed mostly of young men. This church, in one respect at least, is the most unique of all churches in America. It has been aptly called "The Parcels Post Church." All of the dressed lumber, California's celebrated redwood, with which the interior of the church has been beautifully finished—including pews and choir stalls, windows, window-casings, doors and shingles; also nails, stoves and paint—had to be shipped in over the mountains from the nearest seaport; a distance of more than one hundred miles, by parcels post and by auto truck. The cost of transportation far exceeded the price of the material. Yet, notwithstanding the unusual expense, our

missionary has succeeded in building a beautiful and very substantial little church, having a seating capacity of one hundred persons, and furnished with altar, credence table, altar railing, lectern, prayer desk, choir stalls, pews and stoves, all in keeping with the chaste interior, for approximately \$1,700. This exceeded by only \$200 the amount available for the purpose, the excess in the cost being due to inability to estimate the weight of the building material, the postage and



*Native girl in ancient costume*

freight on which cost from one and a half to two and a quarter cents per pound. To provide against any delay in the construction, our missionary pledged two months of his salary thereto, in the belief that the friends of the mission will not allow him to remain long thus encumbered.

One figure that stands out prominently in the building of the church is old Indian Fanny. This good old woman, living in a tumbledown shack and always lacking food and clothing, refused to accept pay for a portion of her land, the only available site on which to build a church on Orleans Flat. Poor and needy as she is, and has been for years, she did not want the Church to give her anything; but she did want to give to the Church all that she had to give. In recognition of this splendid example of self-sacrifice, our missionary has determined that Indian Fanny shall not want any more for food and clothing, and that her cheerless, shelterless abode shall be replaced as soon as possible by a comfortable two-room house. This house, made of rough lumber, will

cost about \$150, thus making Mr. Shea's total indebtedness \$350.

This mission has been in progress for nearly four years, and during that time over 500 persons have heard repeatedly the heroic story of the Cross, who otherwise never would have heard the gospel message. Of these 178 persons, ranging in years from infancy to old age, have been baptized. Besides these blessings, tons of good warm clothing have been provided for the needy, many in dire want have been fed, the dead have received Christian burial, and the bereaved ones consoled by the cheering and sympathetic words of our missionaries.

To render their work more effective and lasting, Mr. and Mrs. Shea found it necessary to live for periods of at least a year in three different places. The moves that they made involved much expense and great labor, for all of their goods had to be carefully packed within small compass, for transportation on mule-back along the narrow mountain trails. Their present home is a little log cabin beside the mountain trail, surrounded by a dense forest, one mile from their nearest neighbor, and nearly five miles from Orleans. From the first to the sixteenth day of January, it snowed every day, obliterating the trail and rendering the transportation of provisions impossible. In their extremity, our missionaries had to kill their one pig and their little flock of chickens. The question may be asked, Why do they not live at Orleans, where the new church is? The answer is simple. Because there are only a few houses immediately at Orleans, and none of them vacant; and although there is room beside the church for a rectory there is no money on hand for that purpose.

For the first year and a half of their labors in this new field, they were obliged to travel about from place to place on foot, as did the Apostles of



OLD FANNIE BEFORE HER WRETCHED  
LITTLE HOUSE



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH

old. Many a time has night overtaken them, hungry, wet and tired, far from home, and with only a cold and cheerless house to welcome them at the journey's end. Oftentimes, too, an urgent sick call from ten or twelve miles away would demand their attention; and, regardless of the severity of the weather, the roughness of the trail, or danger from the flooded river, they felt it incumbent upon them to go; for it is only through absolute disregard of self-interest that one may expect to win and retain the confidence and loyalty of the Indians, who for so many years have experienced nothing but neglect, abuse and misrepresentation from the whites.

With the acquisition of two saddle animals—the much-appreciated gift of the Auxiliary of San Jose—the work became much easier and more extended. No nook in the mountains, no bar along the river where an Indian is known to live, has remained a terra incognita to our representatives. The network of trails through the forest is as familiar to them as is a chart of the ocean to an experienced mariner. Yet hunters and prospectors

are often lost in those mountains, and are only accounted for by the finding of their skeletons years afterwards in some lonely canyon.

Like the Good Shepherd, our missionaries know the sheep, and call them all by their names. Little tongues, that are hardly able to form words, call out in friendly greeting as they pass: "Hullo, teacher! Hullo, preacher!" The sullen or stoical cast of countenance so habitual to the Indian is always changed to a smile when God's trail-riders are met by the way. Nor is that smile by any means insincere, but a true reflection



THE PRESENT HOME OF THE MISSIONARY



SANDY BAR BOB

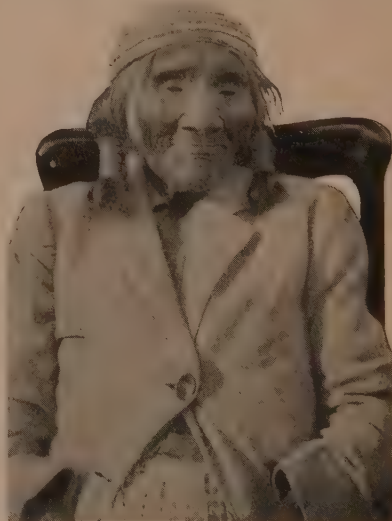
*Who fought under General Grant to subdue the Hoopas*

of his inner feeling for those who he knows have come to live with him to do him good.

From the beginning of the work, it has been the custom of the missionary to present each one at the time of his baptism with a little cross, to be worn as a scapular suspended by a cord about the neck. From this circumstance the cross has come to be known to the Indians as their "little baptisms." Nor will they have any of their dead buried now without this precious sign of their redemption. One man walked several miles in the rain to secure another "little baptism" to place in the coffin with his dead child, to replace the cross the little one had lost in the fire that had destroyed their home.

But, sad to say, one of the many weaknesses incident to humanity, that of a disregard for the truth, is quite common among the Indians; and this is frequently a source of much annoyance to our workers. A recent false report, concerning a certain transaction, resulted in the pronounced en-

mity of a half-breed toward Mr. Shea. But that enmity was quickly dissipated shortly afterwards when, in answer to the call of the former's wife, our missionary traveled ten miles, half the distance on foot, in a fearful storm, on Thanksgiving day, to conduct the funeral of her deceased brother. The Klamath River, which was then a raging torrent, had to be crossed just above Ishi-Pishi Falls; and the missionary had to wait on the shore in the storm for over an hour before young Indians could be secured to man the boat for the perilous trip. Mr. Shea stopped over night at the home of the hitherto unfriendly half-breed, and was accorded the utmost hospitality, with a pressing invitation to dine with them on Christmas. Thus by a single incident was the heart of a friend won again to its allegiance, and the proof afforded that, without exception, to do good to an enemy is the surest way to overcome the spirit of revenge. "Therefore," as St. Paul saith, "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."



BOB'S LUCY



AN EARLY GROUP OF THE BAPTIZED

*The youngster in front is John, the first male Indian child baptized by the missionary*

Unlike the Hoopas, their neighbor Indians to the south, the Karoks have never given the Government the slightest trouble. Yet the Hoopas, who occupy a broad and fertile valley, have for years received substantial aid regularly from the Government, while the Karoks, possessing no farm land, and living in enforced poverty, have always been treated as seemingly unworthy of help. The only explanation that can be given of such a distinction in the treatment of two neighboring tribes is that those helped reside upon the Government reservation, while the others do not. The price thus paid by the Karoks for their love of home, and for freedom from strife with their quarrelsome neighbors, is that of neglect—a case of virtue unrewarded. Two years ago, the last privileges of the Karoks was taken from them, when, without warning, they were deprived of their mail service. Our missionary at once submitted a strong protest, representing to the Postmaster General the increased hardships such a deprivation

meant for the Indians. But the protest was without avail. And so the noble redman has been relegated again to his primitive simplicity of life, barring the fact that he has been most cruelly robbed of his hunting and fishing rights, instead of being encouraged to assimilate what civilization has and ought to offer.

Here, therefore, in their intense poverty and isolation, the Karoks have but one friend, the Church, to whom they may look for comfort and help in their great need; and here, as nowhere else, the Church, being an only friend, has a most solemn duty to perform.

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FULLY half the non-Christian world is the direct responsibility of the churches of America. If the churches of this great land, with their wealth and leadership, do not assume the responsibility for taking Christ to fully 600,000,000 people in non-Christian lands, we will be false to our trust.



THE FERRY LANDING

## VAN WAUNG DOO

*By J. Archibald Mitchell*

Jessfield Road, which leads through the village of Zau Ka Doo to St. John's University, turns sharply to the left at the gate of the college, skirts the edge of the property and meets Soochow Creek at a ferry place which is called Van Waung Doo. It is by the name of this ferry that St. John's is known to all the countrymen about, and indeed very often to the students themselves.

OF that which is distinctly Chinese in and about St. John's, perhaps the most interesting part is the ferry from which it derives its Chinese name—Van Waung Doo. Possibly it is because in all the changes which have been wrought in this section of China, and in spite of certain foreign improvements which have been made in the ferry landing itself, the atmosphere of the place is pre-eminently Chinese. It is fascinating to stand in the shadow by the old trees on a rainy winter evening and watch China—the old China—the China which has not changed and is not likely to change—pass before you in review. There is something a bit

eerie and mysterious about it too, for the strange forms looming up in the heavy mist, and the still stranger voices breaking the stillness which seems the property of that hour just before the dark, have lost all the familiarity with which one regards even these strange sights and sounds in the broad daylight. Standing there apart from it all, one feels indeed like a stranger in a strange land, and is fascinated anew, as when he first set foot in this land of China.

Two highroads cross here at this old ferry; one is Jessfield Road—stone-paved, hedge-lined, arched with trees, at this point dividing the St. John's property from the Shanghai

#### SOOCHOW CREEK

Public Park and forming a beautiful lane between the two; the other is Soochow Creek, whose muddy waters bear the burden of a heavy traffic between Shanghai and Soochow. Now, as always, the stream is full of craft, and the great, ungainly boats, propelled by pole, by scull, by sail, and assisted much by the tide, float silently by the ferry, forming an ever-changing traffic through which the ferryman must guide his craft. This ferryman is a character—as much so as was ever any village wit and gossip. Always and forever is he talking, and he airs his views in such a loud voice that all his passengers—nay, even those who are waiting on both banks—can clearly hear him. He scolds those who are getting on board, he tells the coolies how they can best manage their burdens, he gossips and argues with every one, and never seems happier than when in a wordy battle with a passenger. In his dingy old scow, plowing back and forth constantly across that murky stream with his load of human souls, he forcibly reminds one of old Charon. And surely the River Styx could be no

more forbidding or more baleful than is the stream over which this Charon presides.

But the chief interest in this ferry-place, and that which makes it a most companionable spot in this dreary winter dusk, is in the people whom our Charon ferries. They come in scores down Jessfield Road, clattering on the rough stones with their iron-shod storm-shoes, looming up in the light rain in queer shapes as they trudge along under their many burdens. Some carry umbrellas—strange Chinese ones of paper with an edge of many frills (probably the only thing about this whole scene which people at home would recognize as Chinese); others wear strange apologies for raincoats, but most of them are content to walk along in the rain and take it philosophically, as they would any other discomfort.

There are men, women, and children in this constant stream of humanity, and all are of the poorer classes. The men nearly all bear on their shoulders bamboo poles from which are suspended their stock in trade; or else they wheel those huge

*The Wheelbarrows of the Church*

## AN OPPORTUNITY IN ROANOKE RAPIDS

*By Rev. Henry Clark Smith*

A SAD mistake of our Church in this country is her neglect of the rural populations. Abundant opportunity for retrieving the resultant loss to the Church is found in the mill communities of the South, where maximum need of the Church's service is coupled with maximum response. All Saints' Mission, Roanoke Rapids, N. C., with a resident priest and parish visitor, and a loyal corps of communicants, is endeavoring to meet such a need.

In neglecting the country populations, the Church is failing to serve the heart and sinews of our nation at the most productive source. Ideals of purity and civic righteousness are constantly being refreshed and invigorated in the cities through the influx of the fresh and uncontaminated youth from the country. Our sister churches who have better met their responsibility to the country districts

are reaping the inevitable results of their missionary zeal in the continuous stream of young, enthusiastic lives pouring into their church doors from the country. Our own Church is recruiting her ministry from the rural districts in numbers out of all proportion to the service we have rendered the country. In failing to serve a population of such vast consequence, the Church is now paying the sure penalty for failure of the missionary vision.

This neglected opportunity knocks again at our doors in a different guise through the changed problem that the mill communities present to us. The country has come to town, and come by the hundreds. The mill operatives of the South are independent, free-spirited Anglo-Saxons who have come to the mill villages or to the mill districts of the cities because they can earn more money and enjoy better

educational advantages than they could as tenant farmers. With little loyalty to any church, and in a great many cases without any church affiliation, they are yet extraordinarily responsive to religious appeal, and readily follow the leadership of the church that takes the deepest interest in them. Being not an "unregenerate," but rather an untrained people, their need is for more of the spiritual teaching and training which we believe our Church is pre-eminently fitted to give, alongside the emotional stirrings of our more revivalistic brethren. That they do respond to our Church is evidenced from the fact that one year one-fifth of the confirmations in the diocese of North Carolina were from the mill population.

Our mission at Roanoke Rapids is serving the three contiguous villages of Roanoke Rapids, Rosemary and Patterson Town. The aggregate population of 5,000 people is employed for the most part in the five cotton mills and two paper mills located in this community. In Roanoke Rapids we hold our services and a Sunday-school in a building formerly used for a parish school. But, owing to the distance from Rosemary, we have a second Sunday-school in a former school building in Rosemary, until we build our new church on lots half-way between the two villages. The effectiveness of our work, however, depends largely upon the visiting of priest and parish visitor in the homes, and the holding of cottage prayer meetings. Response to this



OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS FAMILY



SOME HOMES OF THE MILL OPERATIVES AT ROSEMARY

sort of work is shown in the jealous eagerness with which our people look forward to these visits. A warm welcome awaits us in every home. Opportunity is thus afforded for instruction in individual religious responsibility so much needed.

We are handicapped in the work for lack of adequate space for Sunday-school and social purposes, and for lack of a church building that looks like a church. We need a parish house because we must meet the crying needs for all-round development, and furnish a proper outlet for



THE PRESENT "RECTORY"

the social instincts. We need a church in order to instil proper ideas of reverence and worship. A vast majority of our people do not know what a real church looks like. Some of our Sunday-school girls recently saw in a moving picture a very good church interior with all its proper appointments and a choir. They became enthusiastic on the subject, exclaiming: "Why can't we have a church like that?"

The Roanoke Rapids Power Company has offered us lots on the main avenue, half way between Roanoke Rapids and Rosemary, on condition that we build a \$7,500 structure, building to be begun within six months and completed within eighteen months from date. We have on deposit one thousand dollars raised in the diocese. We have present property which should bring \$1,200, which we hope to apply on the new building. The local Woman's Auxiliary propose to raise \$500 within a year. \$2,300 can be raised by local subscription, but no more. This makes it necessary for us to raise \$2,500 from outside sources, in order to avail ourselves of the proffered lots. We believe the importance of this work to the Church at large justifies our attempting this. When our building is paid for the mission should soon be entirely self-supporting, but the people have not

the means to contribute very largely for a building, and do not deserve the encumbrance of a building debt hanging over their heads.

WHILE in preparation for the Mission for Missions held by Secretary Patton in Richmond the week of March 26, one of the Board secretaries had the privilege of preaching in two of the churches of Richmond in connection with the Mission. In one of the churches the rector before his sermon announced to his people that he had been giving much thought to the subject of proportionate giving from the scriptural standpoint and was preparing a sermon on the subject which he hoped to deliver on the following Sunday. He had come to the conclusion, however, as a result of his study that as a Christian he could not afford to give less than ten per cent. of his income for benevolent work. Two dollars a week of this was to be given for Missions. At the close of the service one of the young women of his parish offered her life to mission work. As a result of the canvass the following Sunday the pledges for missions received from three-fourths of the congregation amounted to \$916.24. As the parish gave only \$59.04 for Missions in the year 1914-1915, this gives some indication of the amount of energy which had lain dormant in the parish.

In another church in which the secretary preached, the rector, whose brother is in missionary service in China, stated that his congregation had felt obliged to make some improvements on the church property, but felt at the same time they should increase their offerings for outside purposes if they were to spend more money on themselves, and had therefore determined to add \$100 to their apportionment.

## "COME OVER AND HELP US"

*By Lucy Fish Miller*

IN February the Bishop of Hankow convoked a conference of the foreign women of his district. There were a score or more of us and we really didn't look so very different from an average Auxiliary meeting in America, but the topics discussed were different from the ordinary "program meeting." We did not deal much with sentiment and we didn't quote any books and we were quite fluent in our pronunciation of all proper nouns. Furthermore we were very much in earnest and withal decidedly practical.

The first topic considered was entitled "The Christian Educational Requirement for the Wives of Chinese Workers." You are well aware that at home many people think that religion belongs more properly to woman's sphere and that the Tired Business Man shouldn't be expected to bother his head about such matters. Far otherwise here in the antipodes. How can we get the wives to go to church is a question often discussed. And we are going a step farther and saying that Christianity begins at home and that would-be catechists must first convert their wives and that teachers must have wives who can read the Bible and Prayer-book and who have been baptized.

We also discussed the order of Morning and Evening Prayer for day schools, and whether non-Christian students should be allowed to say the Creed. Another vital question was concerned with the requirements for admission to St. Phoebe's Training School for Deaconesses and other Church Workers. The final business of the morning session was the passing of a resolution

petitioning that women be represented on the Council of Advice.

The main business of the afternoon meeting was an informal discussion with the Bishop regarding the number of additional women workers at present urgently needed in the district, and how to present this need to the Church at home. Every one was convinced that there were potential missionaries in abundance at home if only the call could reach their ears and hearts.

For example how many earnest Christian public school teachers were there who went to the Philippines a decade and more ago because they felt that their experience and training might count for more there than in America where well-qualified teachers abound? Many teachers rightly consider their vocation a missionary one, but how much more is this true when it is followed in China, where the need for Christian leaders is so acute? Think of the opportunities open this very minute in the missionary district of Hankow. In Changsha, the interesting capital of proud Hunan, two teachers are needed at once, one for primary work and the other to teach science in the new Union High and Normal School; in Shasi, a port on the Yangtse largely untouched by foreign influence, another primary school teacher; at St. Hilda's, our splendid diocesan high school with its beautiful new building and its many students, the need is pathetically pressing for three new teachers.

As we talked matters over that lowering February afternoon to the rhythmic chanting of the coolies at work on a "hong" next door; and

now again, as I write this statement of our problems and needs and hopes, I feel perfectly sure that there are at least sixty or more, probably six hundred, communicants of our beloved Church in this year of grace, any six of whom could well fill these six positions, and would be glad to do so if they understood that life here has many compensations. After you make up your mind to wrestle with the language other things come to compensate. We don't subsist on rice and rats, we don't live in such impossible houses as fancy paints, though we don't have many "movies" we live in a pleasant way, and though we don't pretend to keep up with home styles in clothes (or slang) we aren't as queer and freakish as you may fear. There are many teachers, over-burdened with the red tape and machinery of the huge school of the average American city, exhausted with all the outside requirements, the grade meetings, the general teachers' meetings, the minute and manifold reports—who nevertheless have a great love for children and young people, and who regard the work of a teacher as a calling rich in opportunities for service to God and man. All such I advise to correspond with the Rt. Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, D. D., 281 Fourth avenue, New York.

Our need for other sorts of women is just as great. There are many women in America who have a talent for parish work of all sorts. If they could only realize the large scope for their talents in China, I'm sure they would consider offering themselves for work here. Changsha, Hankow and Shasi all need parish workers, and Wuchang, the center of so much of the work of our Mission, is also in need of two women to look after the parishes on the north of the Serpent Hill. Think of all the activities of parish work at

home; fancy a clergyman trying to carry them on with only a Bible-woman to help him, and then watch yourself to see whether you don't feel within you an impulse to come and help.

There remains the department of work that always makes the strongest appeal at home—the medical. A woman doctor to help Dr. James, four nurses for our big general hospital in Wuchang—two for the women's department and two for the men's—a nurse to do dispensary work and district visitation in Shasi, and another in Ichang. And here the opportunities for service are no less, but rather greater than elsewhere; for the trained brain, the skilled hand, the loving heart of medical missionaries touch the Chinese as mere teaching and talking cannot do.

It sounds like a large number—nineteen more women workers for the District of Hankow—but America is large, and China is large, and why should our Mission limp for lack of workers? Think it over, and see what you *can* do.

ONE of our old domestic missionaries writes: "My father, a clergyman, and my grandfather, a judge, regarded the tenth of their incomes as belonging to God, and I have tried to follow these precedents. My recent missionary gift (\$1,000) was the tithe I owe from an inheritance lately come to me. If all Christians would adopt, as they should, the plan of recognizing the fact that a tenth of their income belongs absolutely to Christ and His Church, and that it is a Christian obligation to acknowledge this fact, the cause of missions would be greatly accelerated, and those who recognize this just debt to our God and Saviour would not, financially, be losers."

# WHO GOES TO CHURCH IN CHANGSHA?

## SURVEY OF A CHINESE CONGREGATION

*By the Rev. Walworth Tyng*

THE labor wing of our eighteen catechumens who were admitted June, 1915, consisted of a pack-peddler of foreign notions, a cook in a Chinese family, and our compound gate-keeper. The freshest convert I have seen from idolatry was the peddler, even yet bearing the marks of that devilish worship, just as a jail-bird has a jail look. (If you are disposed to an esthetic apprecia-

tion of idolatry, you probably haven't seen the idols!) The gate-keeper used to be our chair-bearer. When we picked him up two years ago he had trachoma, and had to be sent to the hospital immediately and kept there over a month, whence he came back to us cured. Such treatment perhaps opened the door of his heart.

For "men higher up" there were a former writer in the governor's



THE OFFICIALS OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH MISSION IN CHANGSHA

*These include the evangelistic staff, the churchwardens and male and female members of the vestry*

yamen, a captain in the revolutionary army, and an ex-member of the provincial parliament (or a member of the ex-parliament, if you prefer it). The captain is a fine, upstanding man and an earnest Christian. He tells us he became interested through one of his privates, who was treated in our hospital service during the revolution. This private and our Chinese priest (a volunteer Red Cross worker) met 200 miles away, at Hankow. The member of parliament we prize as a very unusual man. He is a man of means and of education, including three years in Japan, and above all of kind heart and most winning personality. He is a real progressive. For, though the wealthy here are given to plural marriages, not so his clan. Three generations, embracing seventy members, have had no secondary wives. He himself decided ten years ago to give his daughters an equal inheritance with his sons (they usually get nothing) and against the opposition of his immediate relatives, refused to bind their feet. "In ten years," he said, "we shall see an end of foot-binding." This gentleman's wife and eldest son were received as catechumens along with him.

The son had been in our boarding-school for a year. He was only one of four of our own students then admitted catechumens, these boys being among the best students in the school. The fact that the best students are the first converts is an "evidence" for Christianity, an argument for mission schools, and an argument for making those schools good enough to reach the best and most earnest class of students. This year we made our first lodgment in the very citadel of Chinese exclusiveness. We entered the government schools, and through our Bible classes brought into camp four fine young men from thence as catechumens.

Besides laborers, "men higher up"

and students, there were, to finish off our group, four women. One has already been mentioned. Another was sister to a woman servant in the Yale Hospital, one was the wife of a Cantonese here, and the last was a wealthy widow, a former secondary wife, who survived both husband and legal wife. She came to us through Mrs. Tyng's English class for women.

Like this group of catechumens is our whole congregation, mixed of new style and old style, of all classes, and many provinces, but strong in people of education and ability.

In all China probably the most interesting piece of medical work is that under way now in Changsha through the union plans of the Yale Mission and a semi-official committee of the leading citizens of the province. In another year we should have completed here the best hospital in China. We of the Episcopal Church find satisfaction in having provided, through St. John's University, all but one of the seven native physicians so far connected with this work. Two of these men are now doing graduate fellowship work in America, and should return as valuable helpers in the new medical school, in addition to the two who have already had long American training. Medically we have nearly had a monopoly thus far. Four of the head nurses, two men and two women, are connected with us, besides a head dispenser of drugs and two or three women hospital servants.

New men joining the Peking-Canton Railway staff like to come to us because a good group of the office staff already attend here. Among them is our senior warden. We also have a railway contractor and a subordinate railway employee who has risen from coolie in our school.

But the engineering men are outnumbered by the teachers. In our own schools alone are nine teachers, two being women; which teachers, however, are hardly more useful to

us than four more teachers in important outside schools. One of these last is our church secretary and another is treasurer.

Women teachers are indeed new style, but how about a woman tutor in a wealthy family? She is the nearest we have to a bachelor maid.

Two years ago there was a road-building contractor's only son from here who had gone to Boone and was in the same class with a son of our priest. Both boys caught typhoid and died nearly simultaneously. This brought the fathers together, and let the faith of the one communicate itself to the other. The contractor is a kind man, and likes to send us presents like fruit and eggs. He is a widower and alone, but not comfortable.

In the business world the mission school graduates are and make a new order. One of our recent converts told me that years ago the word of even a bad Christian had been shown to him to be better than that of a heathen. Chinese business life, where success is often ill-gotten and is liable to lead to a harem, reckless gambling, and, now that opium is gone, to strong drink, is surely in need of salvation. I suppose the last vestiges of heathenism in China, just as in America, will be found in the world of politics and business.

But it is already becoming plain that the fit who are to survive are Christians. The Chinese post-office and the customs are foreign-managed and well-managed. The good positions there and in the foreign "hongs" are apt to fall to men who are mission-trained. Four of our families have men in the post-office, one in the customs, and two in the big Asiatic Petroleum Co.

Our mission can rejoice that it has been able to provide a ministry so trained as to meet and hold these men. All honor to Boone and St. John's! They have a force here to lead—per-

haps fifty Boone and St. John's men, many of them married to mission-trained women, people who are called to a great task.

Nevertheless we are glad to count in our congregation, besides this type many of the old style, a good number of them of humble estate. There are various servants: on our compound, in the school kitchen, in mission families, in outside Chinese families, and even the cook to the governor. And there are laborers, including one particularly fine fellow, a middle-aged bachelor, who lacks an eye. For about \$3.00 gold a month he treads day after day a foot-pestle in a rice shop. Yet he can read character very well and is a sterling man.

Lately we have run to tailors. Members, catechumens, and inquirers we have half a dozen now, and we begin to smile at every new one. Our priest says they are as a trade particularly honest, and individually they have time to think over their work. One especially is a deeply earnest convert. He keeps a shop employing ten men and has a large family of children.

Of shopkeepers there are several sorts: hardware, rice, brick, coal, and a head-coolie from a tobacco shop.

There are a couple more former clerks in the yamen, and a son of a clerk in the Foreign Office. The official clerks have had a hard time of late. Many lose their work with the constant shifts of the government. I suppose some of them would not come to us did not leisure and a certain touch of misfortune make the opportunity and point the need.

Like a good sauce at the end, there remains a most interesting family, consisting of a splendid old dowager and her several generations—there are in fact four including the lady herself. Her son died just as he was to have been admitted catechumen. Now a funeral is a supreme opportunity to the Chinese Church; no better

setting offers, no fresher audience than the family, neighbors and friends at the house funeral, for proclaiming the Resurrection and the Comforter. We had gotten far enough with the family by that time to improve this opportunity. Formerly the family were Buddhists, but with unresting hearts. They came to us through the Biblewoman. The son left a widow, and besides two young daughters, a son with a wife and a sturdy baby boy, the heir of the house. So you see the dowager is a great-grandmother.

This charming and indefatigable lady of 63 is a remarkable woman for China. She is a leading spirit in the

local Social Service League of ladies, which provides summer milk for babies, etc. She is interested in drainage and housing. This summer she had free tea dispensed at our gatehouse, a thoughtful benefaction in a land without safe water or public drinking-fountains. She visits the women's hospital, saying with a wave of the hand, "Don't fear, don't fear, there is a God, there is a God." Her family is the first Chinese family I know of conducting daily family prayers. Her great-grandson she tries to rear in the right way. I remember as I baptized the two-year-old he clearly and solemnly himself pronounced the *Amen!*

## NEWS AND NOTES

THE April meeting of the Junior Clergy Missionary Association of New York was held at the General Theological Seminary on the second Tuesday, at which time it was announced that the annual Presentation Service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, when the children of the diocese present their mite box offerings for Missions, will be held on Saturday, May 20, at 2 o'clock. The Rev. Leighton Parks, D.D., of St. Bartholomew's is presenting a banner this year for the Sunday School making the greatest total offering. This is to be given like Bishop's Greer's banner, which was won for three years by the children of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Harlem, becoming their permanent possession. The banner given by the Rev. Dr. Stires, will be awarded, as formerly, to the Sunday School having the largest average offering. The Committee of the J. C. M. A. in charge of the Presentation Service includes the Revs. Charles P. Tinker, C. B. Ackley, D. W. Gateson and E. Briggs Nash.

A VERY impressive service was held in the chapel of the United States Military Academy at West Point on Sunday morning, April 9, 1916, when the forty-sixth annual presentation of Bibles to the members of the graduating class was made by the American Tract Society. The entire cadet corps, numbering nearly six hundred men, was present in full uniform. The Rev. H. Percy Silver, chaplain of the Academy, conducted the devotional exercises. The presentation address was delivered by the Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D.D., of New York City, who spoke in eloquent terms of the Bible as "living and active and sharper than any two-edged sword," and then proceeded to show that these qualities of the Word of God were representative of the true West Point spirit.



ON March 20 occurred the death of Mr. H. B. Cunningham, who was engaged in the mountain mission work at White Bluff, Tenn.

He fell a victim to pneumonia following a severe attack of the grip. Mr. Cunningham had done admirable and devoted work in the fourteen months during which he was connected with the mission.

✱

A LARGE bronze bell, made by the Meneely Bell Company, of Troy, N. Y., is being installed in the tower of St. Peter's Church (Chinese), Honolulu, the Rev. Kong Yin Tet, priest in charge. Owing to the closing of the Panama Canal, this bell was shipped overland as far as San Francisco. The people of St. Peter's take a just pride in their well-equipped church, which has been entirely fitted up by their own efforts. This congregation last year sent in \$238 toward the apportionment of the district.

✱

ON Mt. St. Alban, Washington, at the Cathedral School, there will be held on June 12 to 16, a Summer Normal School for all who are engaged in the work of religious instruction, including clergy as well as lay teachers, superintendents and leaders. It will be under the joint management of the Board of Religious Education of the Province and Diocese of Washington, and the Chapter of the National Cathedral. Its aim is to give expert instruction in the principles, methods and administration of religious education, especially in Sunday Schools. Care has been taken to provide varied courses under expert teachers.

Classes on the teaching of missions in the Sunday School will be led by Dr. William H. Jefferys of St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai; Miss Grace Lindley, associate secretary of the Women's Auxiliary; Mrs. E. E. Osgood, educational secretary of the Virginia Branch of the Women's Auxiliary, and Miss A. M. Hubbard, junior educational secretary of the Pennsylvania Branch.

The Cathedral grounds make a wonderful setting for such a school. Rates are exceedingly reasonable, and it is hoped that large numbers may attend. For further information apply to Canon De Vries, Mt. St. Alban, Washington, D. C.

✱

BISHOP ROOTS of Hankow expects to sail from Shanghai on the S. S. *Tenyo Maru* on May 6, accompanied by his family. He will be in Hartford, Conn., early in June. The letter which brings this announcement closes with the statement: "We need for Boone University a teacher of chemistry, a teacher of literature and pedagogy, and a teacher of English who could also act as drill master."

✱

The Bishop of Arizona says:

SO great havoc had been wrought in Arizona by the floods that the bishop, returning from Northern Arizona and the East in January, was turned back when almost in sight of Phoenix. The dam near Hillside, between Prescott and Phoenix, had suddenly given way, bringing the destruction to this branch of the Santa Fe Railroad, which looked as if a European army had passed that way, while the bridge over the Gila having been destroyed there was no connection of Phoenix with the outside world by way of the Southern Pacific Railroad. For two days a tedious journey, supported largely on cheese and crackers bought at a wayside grocery store, was made by way of the Parker cut-off into California and over the Colorado River. The passing through Parker enabled us to visit this town, forlorn and almost deserted, where once Church lots were bought when it was hoped that the town might become a prosperous settlement. There is now only one Churchwoman in the town, but some day the Indian Reservation will be opened up and Parker may have an agricultural future.

## OUR LETTER BOX

### *Intimate and Informal Messages from the Field*

Here is a letter which vividly depicts the value of the work done in sending magazines to Alaska.

West Fork, Nov. 11, 1915.  
St. Matthew's Reading Room,  
Fairbanks.

Fellow Sourdoughs: The long white silence broods over the hills and valleys of Tolovana and the candle-light flickers from the prospectors' cabins; but one thing, and a very essential thing, is wanting. The beans from old Mexico, the bacon from old Iowa, and the moose from the Tolovana hills may feed our physical man, but the spiritual part, the mental part that, like the brook, is destined to run forever, is out of feed. Could you send us a bunch of magazines (never mind the date); the more there are the more mental food, and we prospectors will always keep your institution in fond remembrance. God bless you.

W. LANGDON, TOM McDONOUGH,  
TOM TRYLAND, R. MAYHEW, H. BOW-  
MAN, F. STRAND, T. A. ANDERSON, R.  
SMITH.

\*

Bishop Hunting, writing about the help given to the Missionary District of Nevada by the Church through the Board of Missions, says:

**I** DO not know just what Nevada can do to prove its thanks. Its clergy are rendering most efficient and self-sacrificing service. Nothing is counted too hard by the men. They go in every weather on hard journeys. I am sure no bishop has a more faithful little band. They know what the Board is doing for us, and they too are grateful, with me, for it all.

I am making a noble effort to speak Piute so that something can be done for the older Indians who have not and will not learn English.

I am trying to get the Southern Pacific Railroad to change the name of its station nearest the Agency. The present name is Numana, and that is the Piute word for God! I wonder what sacrilegious person ever suggested that as the name for a box-car railroad station. And that is the word I want to use for God to the Indians, as it carries to them the meaning of God as a loving, providing Father. I couldn't ask for a better word and meaning.

\*

**O**NE of our missionaries in Wyoming writes, incidentally giving this bit of local color: "The fish-fry at ——— was very interesting. Only one little disturbance, and then the marshal shot the wrong man—but did not hurt him much."

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Here is a striking challenge to some of those Christian young women who believe sincerely in the rights of their sex to share equally with men in the best things which the world holds. Who will respond to the challenge?

**A** "MISSION" was held in Yangchow from November 15 to 20 inclusive. The Rev. Ranking Rao, a native priest from Wuhu, was the leader and chief speaker. As our chapel is small we could only give out a limited number of tickets. The seating capacity was taxed every night except one and that one was rainy. The average attendance was about three hundred. The people were as quiet and attentive as any non-Christian Chinese crowd I ever saw. The direct result was thirty-eight inquirers. The indirect result was, I believe, by no means small.

Among the thirty-eight inquirers there was not a single woman. We do not have to go far to find the rea-

son. There was no woman to do the preparatory work. Anyone familiar with Chinese customs knows that in China men cannot work among women. There is a splendid work being done among women and girls connected with and near our schools, but there is no woman worker to do the work which should be done in connection with the above-mentioned chapel. It is a well-known fact that the family and not the individual is the unit. The Church to succeed must Christianize the family. Yet the women, a most important half of the family, are being neglected. There are women all around us but they never come to Church. No woman likes to be the only woman among a number of men. They have not been taught that the Church is not a "men only" organization. There is no one to visit and instruct either those around us or the wives of our catechumens and inquirers. On our Sunday School roll we have the names of about forty children. There are about four girls among them. There is no woman to get them interested and to teach them.

It is my belief that the women are more responsive than the men. The Chinese men are about as good to their wives as any men of non-Christian lands. They act in accordance with customs prevalent around them. But custom has not decreed that the lot of woman in China shall be an easy one. In the very beginning of her life she made the terrible mistake of not being a boy. The fact that the boys of the household get the best of everything is a constant reminder that her presence is endured, but not desired. She is not educated—that is reserved for the boys; girls are not worth it. It is not uncommon to find Chinese scholars with wives who cannot read or write.

Quite early in the life of a girl she is acquainted with the fact that she is to marry. She may have never seen the man. If she has seen him she may not like him, but that is a small matter. Her wishes are not considered. She should feel so grateful to her fond parents for enduring her presence so long that she will gladly make herself a slave to relieve them of the burden of her presence. When married she is taken to the home of her husband where she is the least of all the household except the unmarried girls. There is little if any amusement for her. She practically never goes anywhere. I do not think I am wrong in saying that the great majority of Chinese women never go ten miles from their homes.

But these facts are a very valuable asset to the Church. Because she has so little of interest in her life the Chinese woman is interested in the foreigner and what the foreigner has to say. Because she has been the recipient of so little love from either husband or parents she is the more ready to rejoice in the love of the Heavenly Father. Because she has had so little that is joyous and beautiful in the life here, she anticipates the life hereafter.

There are many women near us ready to listen to the Gospel message, but there is no one to tell that message to them. We have done and can do nothing for them. In China the best of earthly things are possessed by the men. It must seem to those near our chapel (if they think about it at all) that the same is true of heavenly things.

If the women of China are ever to know Christian sympathy and love; Christian sympathy and love must be transmitted to them through women. The work is waiting to be done. Who will come out and do it?

The Rev. B. R. Dyer, who has just opened a new outpost in China, writes as follows concerning his work:

PAO YING is on the Grand Canal, about one hundred miles north of the Yangtse and eighty miles north of Yangchow, where we have a station. It is a prosperous city, compared with other places north of the river, and I estimate the population inside the walls and out at 100,000 people. The reasons for its prosperity are two: It is a center of a large agricultural district and it is also the residence of many retired officials who have built large houses here. The farming land on this side of the canal (east side) is very good, and the crops are almost never short. The land is quite low here and the canal is carried across the country for many miles between high dykes, which keeps the water above the level of the country. This makes irrigation an easy matter.

The people of Pao Ying are, I find, inclined to be well-disposed and friendly, but at first I had great difficulty in renting a place in which to live. This was because several of the members of the local gentry who belong to powerful families, and of whom the local magistrates are always very much afraid, had made up their minds that no foreigners should get entrance into Pao Ying. It has been tried several times in the last twenty-five years, but it has always been blocked till now.

When I was appointed to open work here I found out about the state of affairs so I didn't appear in Pao Ying myself for fear of meeting a checkmate of that sort, but got a Chinese to come here and rent for me. Mr. Feng, who came for me, was hindered several times before he succeeded in getting a place, but at last he did find a house and got it rented for a year, and we occupied it before anybody could prevent us.

I moved here in September and have spent most of my time since do-

ing what we call "guest hall work." That is, I have been endeavoring to get on a friendly footing with the native people and especially with the better class. I have had better success than I expected from the reception I got when I was trying to find a house to live in. I haven't had a place where I could open a preaching hall, and so far I have not wanted to. I have noticed that the missions and stations where preaching halls have been opened immediately, always have a great many hangers-on of a very questionable lot of people, and that it is very hard sometimes to get self-respecting Chinese to come. For this reason I am trying to get myself established with the better Chinese so that when we do open a preaching hall and Tom, Dick and Harry begin to come for good and bad reasons, I shall perhaps still be able to reach those who are self-respecting.

We are going to apply for a grant of \$100 gold to establish and fit up a small dispensary with drugs, bandages, instruments, bottles, etc. This will not be perennial, as we expect to make the clinic self-supporting. If Mrs. Dyer can open this work, it will be of inestimable value to the evangelistic work and to the women of this big population where diseases are untreated or worse than untreated. Besides this \$100, we want to ask for a microscope for use in diagnosis. Perhaps some physician would like to give one that he does not use.

Since writing the above I have secured another house for the catechist to live in, where there is room for a preaching hall when we open one. The house is a better one than the one in which Mrs. Dyer and I are living, but when we got this house we had to take what we could get. I rented this last house at a cheaper price, comparatively speaking.

The Rev. Dr. Chapman, writing from Anvik, Alaska, gives the following account of the death of one of the Indian boys who had been brought up in that mission:

READERS of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS who met Mrs. F. B. Evans, of the Alaska staff, on the occasion of the General Convention which was held in Richmond, and five years later when she was in California, will remember that she was accompanied by an unusually bright and interesting Indian boy, Arthur Howard, who called her "mother". She is the only mother he knew from the time that he came to us as a starving infant, in the fall of 1902, to the time of his death, on the fourteenth of December, 1915. His own mother disappeared mysteriously, and is supposed to have been lost through the ice of the Shageluk Slough. The child was brought to us in miserable condition by a woman who walked some thirty miles carrying him on her back. Mrs. Evans had just come to work at the Mission, and I hesitated whether to ask her to assume an additional burden of such a kind, but concluded to leave it to her. I remember how her face lighted up when she answered, "I'd love to." I remember also my own feeling of satisfaction at having "caught her with guile;" for I knew that this adoption of the little waif into her affections meant a long term of service at Anvik. From that moment until the end of his life here on earth, the child grew up in an atmosphere of love. He was jealously guarded and taught, and abundantly did he repay the affection that was lavished upon him.

For the first few years of his life he seemed sufficiently strong and well. Later on, it became evident that his constitution was not a strong one. Three times he battled with pleurisy or pneumonia in such severe form that each time his life was despaired of. He believed, as we do, that it was spared in answer

to his prayers. Some five years ago he composed the following prayer, which he used daily, after his other prayers had been said: "O, Father, spare my mother to me many, many long years. Let me live to be a big man. Let us live happy together, love each other, die together, and go to the same place together if it be Thy will. Give my mother peace and happiness, and not to go to heaven until I am ready, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Toward the end, he seemed to have learned more perfectly the meaning of being able to cast all our care upon God. He would like to live until Christmas, but he was ready to go at any time. One evening, while we were assembled at prayers and just after we had sung "Children of the Heavenly King," he asked to be raised so that he might sit up, and almost immediately sank back unconscious. There was no pain or struggle, and in a few moments his soul had fled; not, we believe, in death, but unto life; for "he asked life of Thee, and thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."



The Rev. Robb White, formerly a missionary in the Philippines, writes under date of March 23rd as follows concerning the late Mrs. B. M. Platt:

I SHOULD like to prepare an obituary of Mrs. B. M. Platt, who died recently at Baguio, but I have not the data. There was a woman that *was* a missionary. Trained nurse and trained teacher, wife and mother, she measured just about four-square any way you took her. She found Easter School, Baguio, badly demoralized. That didn't bother her at all. After a week or more she found that the promised appropriation had to be cut in half. That bothered her very little. In a month or more came the terrific typhoons of 1911, and rice rapidly quadrupled in cost. That was

rather staggering. As a result of this I remember taking her the gentle gift of a family of thoroughly rain-soaked and three-fourths starved little rats whose parents had died of hunger and exposure. The constabulary turned them over to me as mayor of Baguio. I offered them to the Roman priest, as they were his people, but he had already a house full to the eaves and very little food. Also, he saw the little girl leap from behind me on my pony, dash down the mountainside and hurl herself into the raging stream. I had her little brother tucked inside my flannel shirt, with his head poked out, and it was with difficulty I dismounted and recovered Anastasia. That did not disturb nor disarrange Mrs. Platt. With firmness and serenity she handled all situations, and had at that always a little strength, a little more sympathy, in reserve to draw on.

Her school was a model of neatness, punctuality, regularity, cheerfulness and sound teaching. The church-bell itself was no more regular than the appearance of Mrs. Platt on her pony, usually one of her children in front of her and one behind, and her little squad of Igorots marching two by two, some six-

ty strong. There were many teachers of various sorts and nationalities engaged in instructing the children of the mountain provinces in the sixteen years of our work there. Mrs. Platt held her own with any and all of them. There were occasional inter-province tests—intellectual, industrial, athletic, and Mrs. Platt's scholars won all the banners I saw delivered. Mrs. Platt was the mother of four or five children, most of them born in the tropics. I never heard of her losing a day's work at her school on account of them, or of anything else. Sometimes she was her own cook and laundress, always she was her own nurse, and always her work was up to date, her reports in promptly, her books kept accurately. She was not a robust woman, but her mind controlled her body so entirely that her bright smile made you think rather of the sharp sword that never rusted, than of the sheath that was wearing out.

I have had no details of her death, but I am confident she crossed over the river with brave assurance, and that the first to meet her over there, after her own little daughter, who preceded her a few years, will be some of those fatherless children she mothered.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### A PLEA FOR ANVIK SCHOOL

FROM the distance of 6,000 miles, I look back with sorrow and longing to my schoolroom of so many years of happy work. My teacher's chair is empty. No one has volunteered to go and teach the Indian boys and girls in Anvik, except that Dr. Chapman has given some hours

of his already overburdened life to try and supply the need he could get no one to fill there this winter. Surely there is somewhere a woman without home ties, who could offer herself for service there among those dear lovable children. I wish I had the physical strength to go back myself; I would do it gladly if I could. I have such loving, interesting letters from my boys and girls of past years,

some still in the schoolroom, some long ago grown out of it, men and women now, with their children ready to come to school in their old places.

People hear of the cold of Alaska, and shudder to face it, but the climate of the lower Yukon is very like that of Montreal, only a little longer at each end; the same flora, the same singing birds are found there. Anvik has lovely scenery, and the living conditions, too, in the girls' house, are very different from those early days in my log cabin. It is true, a new schoolroom is greatly needed, with more modern appliances, but Dr. Chapman has raised nearly all the money for that. The children no longer come to school the dirty ones I used to deal with. Those under Mrs. Evans' care are clean, and the village children have learned to dress neatly. They do not need any more to "line up" and show hands, to be rewarded with lumps of sugar for clean ones, as in old days! They can talk English now, so those early conditions have been overcome and need not be dreaded by new workers—and there are so many novel and interesting experiences in the new life! And the joy in the work itself—the beauties of nature in all seasons, are so satisfying, and I found the many compensations in mission life offset its apparent disadvantages—I speak from many years' experience—that I do hope some one may consider my plea, and offer herself, in the near future, for a teacher in Anvik school.

BERTHA W. SABINE,  
*Deaconess of Alaska.*

## MARYLAND CHURCH HISTORY

*To the Editor of the SPIRIT OF MISSIONS:*

IN fairness to the author of the sketch in your January issue, entitled "How Our Church Came to Maryland," some reply should be made

to the strictures upon that article which appeared in your April issue over the signature of the Rev. C. Ernest Smith, D.D.

I do not propose to discuss particulars in this protest against the tone and intention of Dr. Smith's letter of criticism. It is my purpose simply to inform those of your readers who know nothing of the subject that there have been always two modes of interpretation in dealing with the facts and documents of Maryland religious history. The adherents of these diverse points of view may be described briefly as "pro-Calvert" and "anti-Calvert" in their interpretations. There are many persons who are unable to see anything good in the Roman Catholic Lord Proprietors of Maryland; they allow them no credit for the initiation or execution of whatever is creditable in the policy of the province; they depreciate their efforts and impugn their motives. On the other hand, there are others, equally disassociated from Roman Catholicism and equally proud of their Anglican heritage, who recognize in the early Calverts, human and imperfect though they were, men who deserve to be remembered as excellent administrators and kindly and benevolent rulers, who were compelled to steer the frail bark of their colony through the rocks and shoals of political and religious difficulty at home and in England. This view of the founders of the Maryland province is held by many persons whose researches in the field of its history have been as careful and as exhaustive as have those of Dr. Smith. It is unfair on his part to attempt to make it appear that one who views this matter from a different standpoint than his own is either an ignoramus or a false teacher of the history of our Church in Maryland. If he would indict the author of your article on the grounds which he has given, he must be prepared to indict a great many other good Churchmen and

good scholars who believe the truth of the matter to have been as stated in that article.

Those who attempt as Dr. Smith has done to minimize the importance of the Calvert policies are fond of saying, as Dr. Smith has said in this letter to which I am taking exception, that because of the penalties laid upon those who denied the doctrine of the Trinity, the Maryland Act of Toleration was not an act of toleration in any sense, that in Dr. Smith's own words, "Maryland . . . offered no opportunity to worship God as men's consciences dictated." Besides being specifically incorrect, such a statement betrays a lack of insight into the history of human thought. Those who support such a contention as this, overlook the fact that in 1649, and for many years thereafter, one who denied the Trinity was regarded as an atheist; and an atheist theoretically was an anomaly in a Christian state. To an atheist none of the usual forms of oath prescribed by the state was sacred. The foundations of a Christian state rested, in the philosophy of this simple day, upon the laws of God, and one who denied God denied his laws and was accordingly to be looked upon as an enemy to the state. This idea forms the basis of a portion of Locke's discussion of religious toleration, for this great philosopher, many years after the Maryland act of toleration, denied in his scheme the bless-

ings of religious toleration to the atheist. The Maryland act in this particular was at least abreast of the thinking of the age in which it was promulgated; in other particulars it was far in advance of contemporary philosophy and statesmanship. It is easy enough to say that the Calverts, by reason of circumstances, could not have acted otherwise than they did in proclaiming toleration, but the fact is that they could have acted otherwise. They could have taken no action at all, and thereby allowed their ship of state to drift upon the rocks.

The catechetical questions attached to the article "How Our Church Came to Maryland" were not propounded by the author of that article. He would not have said that there were available no specific works on the history of the Maryland Church, for Maryland writers are familiar with the learned treatise of Francis L. Hawks, entitled "A Narrative of Events Connected with the Rise and Progress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland," being the second volume of his "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States," and with T. C. Gambrall's "Church Life in Colonial Maryland," as well as with several less well-known works by various authors.

LAWRENCE C. WROTH,  
*Historiographer of the Diocese of  
Maryland.*

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

OUR many friends on the Pacific Coast especially and throughout the country generally will be interested in the opening words of the May, 1866, issue of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*. Writing from Los Angeles, Bishop Kip tells his readers:

"On Saturday morning, February 17th, I left San Francisco for the southern portion of the State. My destination was Los An-

geles, about 450 miles from San Francisco. We embarked in the steamer *Orizaba*, having, in addition to the usual number of passengers, a portion of the First Cavalry and their officers, on their way to Arizona, whose fine band during our voyage contributed much to our pleasure. On Monday, at 11 A. M., we reached San Pedro, the landing place for Los Angeles. It is only a collection of a few houses. We immediately took the stage for Los Angeles, twenty-five miles distant. The greater part

of the way is over the plains, which are now perfectly green with verdure, and the flowers just beginning to appear. In a fortnight they will be entirely carpeted with their bright colors. The air was warm and balmy, and we had a delightful drive. Ten years ago, when I first came over this country, these plains were covered with thousands of cattle belonging to the old Californians, but few of them are now left. As we approached Los Angeles, we came to the vineyards which surround it. With a perpetual summer and a balmy climate, were this place more accessible, it would be the resort of invalids from every part of the Northern and Atlantic States. The old Spaniards named it, from its climate, 'The City of the Angels.' At the hotel Mr. Birdsall met us, and I found the confirmation was appointed for Wednesday, to enable me to return on the steamer of this week. The next morning (Tuesday), after breakfast, I went out with Mr. Birdsall to visit some of his parishioners, when, an hour afterwards, I was suddenly attacked with violent illness. Ten minutes before I had never felt in better health. I returned at once to the hotel, a physician was sent for, and through the greater part of the day I was in such intense agony that the instant the pain mitigated I at once fell asleep from exhaustion. It was not until late at night that I had any relief, and then, from the violence of the attack and the severity of the remedies used, I was confined to my bed for several days from mere weakness. Of course, all the plans of my visitation were broken up, and I spent the rest of the week in trying to gather strength to officiate on Sunday.

"Sunday, February 25th.—I was able to be in church, though with many misgivings, while the whole service being read by Mr. Birdsall, I managed, thanks to a kind Providence, to get through a sermon and the confirmation service—the first time the latter has been used in this place. One candidate was confirmed. There were several others prepared, but they were prevented coming forward by various reasons. It is expected that next Sunday they will be able to do so. There was a very good congregation present."

Writing under the subject of "The Spirit of Missions Again" one of the editors gives some facts which will interest you as they have interested us:

"If our readers knew how much we have talked and written about this, our Missionary paper, with a view to the extension of its circulation, they would not doubt our earnestness in the matter, whatever they

might think of the manner and methods of its expression, or of the worthiness and importance of the end proposed and urged. We intend to keep on talking and writing, if life and health shall be continued, till for our *importunity*, if for no other reason, our efforts shall be crowned with success. Subscribers are sending in their names and money as they never have done before. One rector, who has a feeble missionary parish, has sent eleven. If all rectors, in proportion to the number and ability of their people, would do as well as this we should soon have our first ten thousand. Another writes: 'There has been done for THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS what I did not suppose could be done for it: life has been put into it. It has been made to speak so that men will stop to listen; I will try and get subscribers. If you would only put in a fashion plate and directions for getting up a masquerade ball I could get any number. The devil has it pretty much his own way here at present.'"

At this time we are all greatly interested in the Laymen's Missionary Movement. It is doubly interesting, therefore, to find an editorial fifty years ago on "Laymen and Missions," part of which is as follows:

"Laymen of mark in England seem to labor more for missions, and take a more active part in advocating their claims, than they do in this country. At the celebrated Liverpool Conference on Missions, held in 1860, many distinguished laymen took part in the deliberations and in addressing the public meetings. At the annual meetings of the various Missionary Societies in Exeter Hall, nearly half the speakers are laymen.

"Sir Roundell Palmer, whose 'Book of Praise' is so widely known and so much esteemed, in a meeting at Atwich in Yorkshire, bore testimony to the close connection of Christianity and civilization: 'What,' he asked, 'should we be at this moment if we were to depart from the Gospel of Christ? Why, we should be savages of a worse kind, savages armed with the knowledge which devils may possess, but without any of those gifts and graces which alone give value to empire, to power, to wealth, to arts, to civilization, to anything which we have. Am I without authority, without evidence in saying so? Whether we look to ancient times or modern times, that proposition can be clearly proved. That which gives value to all the civilization on which we pride ourselves, to all the wealth which we possess, to all our commerce, to all our arts, to all our power, is our Christianity alone.'"

## A FRIEND OF JAPAN

FROM Japan comes information concerning a touching memorial service held in Holy Trinity Church, Kyoto, in commemoration of the late Rev. J. Lindsay Patton, who was for six years rector of that church. According to the Japanese custom a picture of Mr. Patton stood upon the reading desk, which was draped with a black pall. Several addresses were made by the Japanese, testifying to their admiration and regret. The whole service was in Japanese.

The fact that it is ten years since Mr. Patton left the work in Japan testifies strongly to the high regard in which he was held. Japan was, in fact, his first love and held a lifelong place in his affections. Directly upon graduation from the Virginia seminary, in 1890, Mr. Patton went to Tokyo where he served for

eight years with high efficiency. Returning from his first and only furlough, he went in 1900 to the new district of Kyoto which had been established by the General Convention of 1898, in which Mr. Patton sat as the delegate from Japan. In 1906, with the deepest regret, he resigned his work in Japan, it having been found impossible for his family to live in that climate. But to the end of his life his heart turned back to the mission field, and he was everywhere and always its enthusiastic friend and advocate.

For the last ten years Mr. Patton was successively rector of St. Mark's Church, San Antonio, Texas, and the Church of the Good Shepherd, Jacksonville, Florida.

A letter written from a Japanese friend to Mrs. Patton contained the following expressions: "He loved we Japanese people. We are so grateful for his kindness to us. I believe his prayers and sympathy reached us though you could not be able to come to us in the flesh, but now he is more free in soul and we feel nearer to us from him."

The Rev. Mr. Dooman, a fellow-missionary of Mr. Patton, also writes: "It was in 1890, if I recollect rightly, that for the first time I met him and his noble wife, when they had just arrived in Japan. Very seldom a young man of his age has produced so many favorable and lasting impressions. His tall stature, his well-shaped head, his bright features and his statue-like pose, all combined to make him the most attractive member of the mission. Gradually I found that beneath these attractive physical features harbored a sympathetic heart and a noble soul which always impelled him to throw himself cheerfully into any form of work to which the authorities appointed him."



J. LINDSAY PATTON

# How Our Church Came to Our Country

## VIII. HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO OHIO

*By Elizabeth Matthews*

### *I. The Beginnings*

THE War of Independence was succeeded in Ohio by a series of Indian uprisings which were only quelled by General Anthony Wayne's campaign in 1793-95, and it was not till 1796 that the British finally evacuated their northern forts. General Wayne's victory, however, was followed by a steady tide of immigration from the Eastern States and this rapid growth led to the establishment of the organized territorial government in 1799, and to the admission of the State into the Union in 1803.

There had been Churchmen in the territory in early times. The first Ohio Company, chartered by George II., sent a party of exploration down the Ohio River in 1750 under Christopher Gist, who had studied for the priesthood in England but had taken up surveying. Gist in his diary tells of his celebration of Christmas Day, when he held a service which was not only attended by the white men in the neighborhood but by several of the well-disposed Indians, who begged him to remain among them and instruct them in the Christian faith. This was probably the first religious service not of the Roman Catholic faith ever held in the present State of Ohio, but the promise made the Indians by Gist that "proper ministers of the Gospel should be sent them" was never fulfilled. George Washington conducted a party down the Ohio in 1770, but we do not hear of his holding services, although he was in the habit of carrying his prayer book

with him and more than once acted as lay-reader.

But the history of the Church in Ohio begins with the name of Dr. Joseph Doddridge. To his loyalty and devotion, to his patience and determination, and that of others like-minded, we owe the fact that isolated scattered efforts were conserved and the Church planted on a firm foundation. Joseph Doddridge was born in 1769 of a family who were members of the Church of England but identified with the Wesleyan societies not as yet separated from the Church. From England they had emigrated to a spot in Pennsylvania only a few miles from the Ohio River. Joseph became for a time an itinerant preacher in the Wesleyan Society, but on his father's death in 1791 he entered the Jefferson Academy at Cannonsburg, Pa., where he remained but a year, yet it was a momentous year for him and for the American Church. Just what provoked his determination to seek ordination in the Church we have not been



BISHOP CHASE'S OHIO HOME

told. It must have been due in part to his familiarity with the prayer book, which even during his itinerant ministry he had used freely, and we know that he was wont to lay stress on the necessity of an Apostolic ministry. Suffice it to say that he became a deacon in 1792 and was ever a faithful son of the Church.

While still a deacon, Dr. Doddridge held services in Steubenville; in 1796 there were regular monthly services, though the place at that time consisted of but a few log cabins and a portion of Fort Steuben; the Doddridge family themselves living across the river at Wellsburg. Late in 1799 Doddridge again went East for the purpose of obtaining priest's orders, and in March, 1800, was admitted to the priesthood by Bishop White. At the same time he took a course in medicine with the double purpose of increasing his usefulness to his scattered flock and adding to his income as a clergyman, always meager and uncertain. On his return to the Ohio border he was incessant in his labors for the Church. Of the ten parishes represented in the first annual convention of the Ohio diocese four had been organized by Dr. Doddridge, while he practiced medicine and looked after his Virginia missions as well.

The pioneers in Ohio were accustomed to the necessity of pursuing many trades. In 1803 Worthington—now a small village nine miles north of Columbus, but once within one vote of being made capital of the state—was settled by a handful of Connecticut Churchmen who had organized what was known as the Scioto Company. Their leader was James Kilbourn, who had taken deacon's orders in Connecticut. He was the second clergyman in the State, though never elevated to the priesthood. While most of his life was spent in many varied secular pursuits, he maintained services at Worthington (organized as a parish in February, 1804, the first in

the State), till the coming of Philander Chase in 1817, and afterward sat in the diocesan convention as a clergyman.

It had early been apparent to Dr. Doddridge that the work in Ohio would never prosper without episcopal supervision. The Church must be fully organized. The scattered congregations were only in theory Episcopal; in practice they were Presbyterian or Congregational. So he bent all his energies to obtaining a bishop, but the Church at large had little idea of missionary bishops and the first memorial on the subject, sent in 1810 to Bishop White to be presented to the General Convention, was ignored. Dr. Doddridge did not even learn of its fate for eighteen months. He writes later to Bishop White regarding this disappointment:

The issue of the business blasted our hopes. From that time our intercourse with each other became less frequent than it had ever been before; our ecclesiastical affairs fell into a state of languor, and one of our clergymen, wearied with disappointment and seeing no prospect of any event favorable to the prosperity of the Church, relinquished the ministry. I kept my station, cheerless as it was, without hope of doing anything beyond keeping together a few of my parishioners during my own lifetime, after which I supposed they and their descendants must attach themselves to such societies as they might think best. Such was the gloomy and unpleasant prospect before me. How often during these years of hopeless despondency and discouragement have I said to myself, "Is there not a single clergyman of my profession of a zealous and faithful spirit—is there not one of our bishops possessed of zeal and hardihood enough to induce him to cross the Alleghany Mountains and engage in this laudable work?" Year after year you answered these questions in the negative.

However, he did not allow his failure to secure additional helpers to paralyze his own efforts, and in the succeeding eight years in "his journeys often" he practically covered one-fourth of the entire State, when the best roads were but trails, and his saddle horse his only conveyance.

## II. *Philander Chase*

In the fall of 1816 a meeting of the two clergymen and a few laymen was held in Worthington to make application to the General Convention of 1817 for the appointment of a bishop. To enforce this appeal Dr. Doddridge wrote Bishop Hobart explaining conditions and closing his letter by "begging his Rt. Rev. Brother speedily and fully to communicate to him his remarks on the course they had taken"—but to these memorials no direct reply was received, and the first information as to any action by the General Convention was contained in a letter written by the Rev. Roger Searle dated Plymouth, Conn., August 4, 1817. It was Mr. Searle who the winter before had organized St. Peter's parish, Ashtabula; Trinity, Cleveland; St. Luke's, Ravenna; and St. James, Boardman. His letter conveyed the welcome news that according to the directions of the General Convention, the preliminary convention to organize the diocese of Ohio should assemble at Worthington on January 5, 1818. This was done and a constitution adopted by which the first annual convention assembled in the same town on the following third of June. The main business before the convention was the election of a bishop. Of the four clerical votes, three were cast for Mr. Chase and one for Dr. Doddridge. This action was unanimously confirmed by the lay vote.

They could hardly have chosen better. The new bishop was a most interesting character and eminently fitted for his difficult task. Philander Chase had been born in 1775. His father, Dudley Chase, lived in Cornish, N. H., and had a family of fifteen children, Philander being the youngest; he was originally destined by his family for the Congregational ministry, but in 1792 a prayer book happened to fall into his hands, and

the beauty and dignity of the liturgy first attracted him and then led him to look into the the claims of the Church, and finally led to the conversion of the whole family. Ohio Churchmen, even more than others, owe a debt of gratitude to the Book of Common Prayer. Hence Philander Chase upon graduating from Dartmouth studied under an English clergyman in Albany, and was ordained to the diaconate on May 10, 1798, in St. George's Chapel, Trinity Church, New York. After a varied ministry in the diocese of New York and six years in New Orleans he was called to the rectorship of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn. It must have been a great sacrifice for him and his family to leave this parish in 1817, probably in response to an appeal from Mr. Kilbourn, to go out to Worthington, where upon his arrival he became rector, also taking charge of Trinity, Columbus, and St. Peter's, Delaware; besides which he was ap-



PHILANDER CHASE IN YOUNG MANHOOD

pointed principal of the Worthington Academy.

Upon Mr. Chase's election as bishop he went to Philadelphia for his consecration, which took place at St. James' Church in February, 1819. It was during his first episcopal visitation that he organized the parish of St. Paul's in Steubenville—which parish shortly after called his nephew, Intrepid Morse, as rector, half of his time being given to Zanesville, 100 miles away. Another of Dr. Doddridge's missions, nine miles from Steubenville at Cross Creek, had erected a church which was ready for use on the occasion of Bishop Chase's visit in May, 1819, when twenty-two persons were confirmed. Dr. Doddridge remained in charge of this mission. For a time the clergy in the diocese were augmented by the bishop's son, who, never strong, yet ministered in many separate localities, as did the Rev. Intrepid Morse. To meet the many demands made on them, these men had to spend the greater part of their lives in the saddle, for among the 600,000 to which the population of Ohio had grown, were many Churchmen, widely scattered it is true, but loyal and devoted. The children of these men were growing up without the Church, and many were permanently lost to Her fold from the lack of shepherding. It was the impossibility of getting enough men from the East to cope with the situation that led Bishop Chase to found Kenyon College.

### *III. Kenyon College*

It was a bold scheme; but nothing venture, nothing have! The situation was becoming desperate. If clergymen could not be gotten from the East, then Ohio must supply her own clergy and educate them. For many reasons it would not be possible to send candidates East; the journey was long, difficult and expensive, and there was no surety of their returning to the field or of be-

ing properly fitted for such arduous duties as would await them on their return. Bishop Chase was a born teacher. There being no salary attached to the episcopal office he had accepted the presidency of the Cincinnati College to eke out his salary as rector of St. John's, Worthington. The real difficulty was to find the money to build a college and theological seminary in the wilds of Ohio.

There was little hope of finding it in the East. The Church there was endeavoring to establish the General Theological Seminary in New York, and would frown on any attempt to divert funds to a rival Western institution. It was on the eve of the diocesan convention in 1822 that the bishop was given his inspiration. Why not go to England and plead for help? The idea came to him on hearing that in a recent number of a London periodical there had appeared an article in which the work in Ohio had been justly appreciated and warmly commended. The idea came opportunely. The convention, though not optimistic as to the result, approved of his making the effort, and the bishop prepared to sail on October 1, using, to meet the expenses of the journey, a legacy recently left him by an uncle. His project met with some opposition in the East, but with sufficient success abroad. He was gone a little under a year and returned with some six thousand pounds.

During the necessary delay and discussion as to the site of the future institution, there were thirty students in the temporary college—the Chase home in Worthington. Finally a suitable location was chosen in Central Ohio, five miles from Mt. Vernon, a tract of 8,000 acres of primeval forest bought, and the work of clearing was begun. The names of the principal donors were perpetuated. The village was called



OLD KENYON  
*The building erected by Bishop Chase*

after Lord Gambier, the college for Lord Kenyon, the theological seminary was named Bexley Hall, and the chapel for the Dowager Countess of Rosse, who with Hannah More had contributed to the funds. The modern college boy describes the bishop's activities in these early days in the following song, popular among the Kenyon students to-day:

The first of Kenyon's goodly race  
 Was that great man, Philander Chase;  
 He climbed the hill, and said a prayer,  
 And founded Kenyon College there.

He dug up stones, he chopped down trees,  
 He sailed across the stormy seas  
 And begged at every noble's door,  
 And also that of Hannah More.

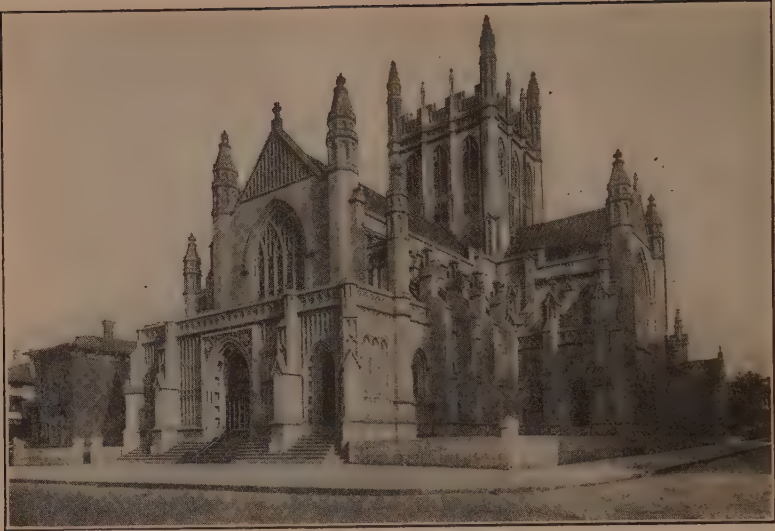
The king, the queen, the lords, the earls,  
 They gave their crowns, they gave their  
 pearls,  
 Until Philander had enough  
 And hurried homeward with the stuff.

He built the college, built the dam,  
 He milked the cow, he smoked the ham,  
 He taught the classes, rang the bell,  
 And spanked the naughty freshmen well.

And thus he worked with all his might  
 For Kenyon College day and night;  
 And Kenyon's heart still keeps a place  
 Of love for old Philander Chase.

That this graphic description of the pioneer bishop and college president is a truthful one, we can judge by the account given by the Rev. Henry Caswall in his book "America and the American Church." As a young man in England he had heard glowing accounts of Bishop Chase and determined to visit him. He says:

On my arrival in Gambier I requested to be driven to the bishop's residence, and to my consternation I was deposited at the door of a small and rough log cabin, which could boast of but one little window, composed of four squares of the most



THE CATHEDRAL IN CLEVELAND, OHIO

common glass. "Is this the bishop's palace?" I involuntarily exclaimed. Can this, I thought, be the residence of the apostolic man whose praise is in all the churches, and who is venerated by so many excellent persons in my native country? It was even so; on knocking for admittance the door was opened by a dignified female, who soon proved to be the bishop's lady herself. In reply to my inquiries she informed me that the bishop had gone to his mill for some flour, but that he would soon return. I had waited but a few minutes when I heard a powerful voice engaged in conversation outside, and immediately afterwards the bishop entered with one of his head workmen. The good prelate, then fifty-three years of age, was of more than ordinary size, and his black cassock bore evident tokens of his recent visit to the mill. He was proceeding in his conversation with the foreman, when, on hearing my name mentioned, he turned to me and very courteously made inquiries respecting my journey and several of his friends in England. He then invited me to partake of his frugal meal, after which he desired me to accompany him to the college.

Caswall was agreeably impressed with this structure, for the bishop had brought home with him more than the money with which to build; in the clearing which he made in the forest Philander Chase began a

group of buildings which surpassed any collegiate architecture of that date in America.

Unfortunately while there was so much individual devotion and heroism in the early days there was dissension and trouble as well. That Bishop Chase was amply justified in founding the college had been demonstrated by the fact that in 1830 there were 170 students at the institution, and as he had sacrificed his life and private means he naturally considered himself entitled to a large measure of authority. Perhaps the Church people in Ohio had been too long without a bishop, and Philander Chase may well have had the faults of his virtues, but from whatever cause there developed so much friction and ill feeling that in 1831 he sent in his resignation as bishop of the diocese—which included the presidency of the seminary and college. He could hardly have believed it would be accepted, but it was, and he at once prepared to leave Gambier. Later he became Bishop of Illinois and his successor, Charles

Pettit McIlvaine, was elected to the diocese of Ohio in 1832.

#### IV. *Present Conditions*

Very nearly one hundred years have passed since those four clergymen met at Worthington to elect a bishop from their number, and now the diocese has become two, and our bishops four. The southern section of the State was set aside as a separate diocese in 1875. The four clergy have grown to 195 and the communicants of the Church number between forty-five and fifty thousand, but there is much yet to be done. The long years when the Church was undermanned left a mark. It has been hard work catching up. We still need the individual consecration and the corporate loyalty of the early days; we need it increased one-hundred fold that we may really possess the land of our forefathers.

No other State has so great a num-

ber of college students within its borders as Ohio, and in none of the educational centers is the Church meeting its opportunities—save perhaps at Kenyon, one of the three Church colleges left in the United States. Kenyon's days of usefulness are not over. There have been eminent men among her alumni in the past. Salmon P. Chase, a nephew of the bishop, is one of three Kenyon men who have sat on the Supreme Bench of the United States; President Hayes graduated there in 1842, and Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, spent three years at Gambier. Statesmen are more needed to-day than ever before in the history of our country, and it must be the earnest prayer of every Churchman in Ohio that Kenyon shall continue to supply such men, and Bexley Hall develop clergymen of the loyalty, devotion and energy of the first sons of the Church in Ohio.

### CLASS WORK ON "HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO OHIO"

#### PREPARATION FOR THE LESSON

Considerable material may be gathered from general histories. Bishop Chase's "Reminiscences"—in two volumes, an old and scarce publication—may be borrowed from the Church Missions House. See also the "Life of Philander Chase," Church Missions Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn., price 10 cents; "The Church in Eastern Ohio," by Joseph B. Doyle, the H. C. Cook Co., Steubenville, O., and Chapter II of "The Conquest of the Continent," Educational Department, Church Missions House.

#### THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

If a young class, you might try them with the old conundrum, "What state is round on both ends and high in the middle?" They may not have heard it. Point out to older pupils in which direction the settlement of the United States would naturally expand. The Alleghany Mountains shut the colonies in on the west, but toward Ohio there was an opening and the Great Lakes were a natural highway. Of course the Church tried to follow the emigrants.

#### TEACHING THE LESSON

##### I. *The Beginnings.*

1. What early Churchmen were in Ohio?
2. Who was Dr. Doddridge?
3. What did he do for Ohio?
4. What did he feel to be the great need of the Church there?

##### II. *Philander Chase.*

1. Tell of Bishop Chase's early life.
2. Where did he minister before going to Ohio?
3. How many people elected him bishop?

##### III. *Kenyon College.*

1. What was Bishop Chase's chief need?
2. How did he get the money to meet it?
3. Tell something about his work as a college president.
4. Why did he resign Ohio?

##### IV. *Present Conditions.*

1. Tell of present Church conditions in Ohio.
2. What special Christian opportunity has this state?
3. Name some of the statesmen trained at Kenyon.

# "THE RAIN DESCENDED AND THE WINDS BLEW"

*By Archdeacon Stuck*

WHEN a man is too modest and retiring to speak for himself, it becomes the duty of others to speak for him; when he shrinks from setting forth his own needs, someone else must set them forth. There is no man in any missionary district of the Church who is more deeply respected and more highly valued and more warmly regarded by all his colleagues and by all those who know him than the Reverend Dr. John Wight Chapman of Anvik in Alaska. For nearly thirty years he has lived and labored at that one native post on the Yukon River; has "done his work and held his peace" as Kipling wrote of his brother-in-law, and only those who have had personal acquaintance with that work know what has really been accomplished. But in these advertising days the man who holds his peace about his work amongst an obscure tribe at an isolated point in a remote country is at a disadvantage, and it is in no small measure owing to the ingrained unobtrusiveness and humility of the man that things have got into the state they are in at Anvik. He simply will not ask for anything for himself.

Eight or nine years ago the educational needs of his two children compelled Mr. Chapman to send them "outside," and Mrs. Chapman went with them and made a home for them while they were at school. Last summer both the children entered college and Mrs. Chapman returned to her husband at Anvik. She found the house in a state of extreme dilapidation and decay. Twenty years it has stood there and the logs have rotted and the foundations have sunk and the cold comes through the cracks in the

winter and the water drips through the roof in spring and summer. The house has also a dormitory for boys as part of it—and it has really ceased to be a habitable habitation for any one. There is no use tinkering with it—it must be rebuilt. The estimated cost is \$5,000, and these few lines are written at the instance of Bishop Rowe, who is deeply concerned, in the hope that they may meet the eyes of some who are unwilling that a devoted missionary and his wife should suffer unnecessary hardship after almost unprecedentedly long and faithful service at a very difficult post.

This is not all that needs doing at Anvik, but this is the most pressing immediate need. Buildings decay rather rapidly on the Yukon and the buildings at Anvik are amongst the oldest of any kind on the river. The whole plant needs renewal; the church, the schoolhouse, the girls' dormitory, as well as the residence. Dr. Chapman has slaved at that place, packing water in buckets slung from a yoke about his shoulder when he had no funds to pay for help, and standing at the sawhorse day after day until the wood for the winter was cut. No wonder his wife complained that he came out to her last summer "all bent and lame." He has a young white man as a colleague now; shall we not see to it that he and his wife are decently housed before the next winter settles down upon them?

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Think what it would mean if during 1916 each subscriber to THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS secured one new subscription!

# THE MISSION STUDY COURSE FOR 1916-17

This course will be based upon a new text-book which has been written by the Educational Secretary. It is expected to be ready by the middle of June. It will be entitled

## THE NEW WORLD.

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Chapter I.** For God, for Glory, and for Gold.  
(Tells how the New World was found and how the conquerors were conquered.)
- Chapter II.** Conquistadores of the Cross.  
(Tells how the Church began to labor in the New World, and what glorious things some of its servants did.)
- Chapter III.** The Rock Whence We Are Hewn.  
(Tells of the wind which an unwise government sowed in the New World and of some of the things which accounted for its unwisdom.)
- Chapter IV.** New Responsibilities: Porto Rico and the Canal Zone.  
(Tells how the people of that part of the New World called the United States took over the control of parts of the Spanish Dominion, and how our Church has taken up its share of the responsibility.)
- Chapter V.** Near Neighbors: Cuba and Haiti.  
(Tells how our duty towards certain of our New World neighbors has compelled us to undertake some other tasks.)
- Chapter VI.** Two Huge Republics: Mexico and Brazil.  
(Tells how we are exhibiting interest in the welfare of New World republics of prodigious possibilities.)

There will be no "two-dollar library" accompanying this course, but the Educational Secretary is prepared to recommend books for collateral reading. Address inquiries to The Educational Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

THE Executive Committee met on April 11 and had before it a considerable volume of business. In Alaska two resignations were accepted, and steps were taken looking toward providing a suitable residence for the family of the Rev. Dr. Chapman at Anvik. In the Philippines Bishop Brent was authorized to purchase land at Bontoc to replace that swept away by typhoon. In Hankow Bishop Roots was authorized to purchase property in Han-Yang, and also additional land for the immediate erection of the Church General Hospital, Wuchang. An appeal for \$10,000 for the equipment of St. Andrew's Hospital, Wusih, District of Shanghai, was authorized. Appropriations amounting to \$2,200 were made from the Fowler Fund (which provides educational allowance for the daughters of deceased missionary clergy) to eleven beneficiaries. It was voted that the President, with other mem-

bers of the Board, should attend the Centennial of the American Bible Society, May 7-11, as representatives. Matters relating to the contracts for the building of St. Paul's College, Tokyo, were discussed and arranged.

The complete suggested budget of appropriations for the next fiscal year was placed before the committee but final action upon this was deferred until the next meeting.

The following appointments were made: Alaska, Miss Bessie Blacknall (United Offering), Miss Anna G. Sterne, Rev. W. A. Thomas; Anking, Mr. John Shryock, Miss Alice H. Gregg (U.O.), Miss Elizabeth Spencer (U.O.); Hankow, Miss Olive B. Tomlin (U.O.); Kyoto, Miss Marietta Ambler (U.O.); Miss Dorothy Norton (U.O.); Mexico, Miss Bertha A. Whittaker (U.O.); Shanghai, Mr. Stephen W. Green, Mrs. F. C. Cooper (U.O.), Mr. Edgar L. Sanford.

## THE LITERATURE OF MISSIONS

### BOOKS RECEIVED

**The Witness of the Church.** (The Paddock Lectures, 1915-16.) Samuel Hart, Dean of Berkeley Divinity School. Published by Longmans, Green & Company, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City. Price, \$1.00 net.

**The Episcopal Church: Its Faith and Order.** Second Edition. George Hodges, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Published by The Macmillan Company, 64 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, \$1.25 net. This book was reviewed in *The Spirit of Missions* for March, 1915.

**Why Men Pray.** One of the series "Church Principles for Lay People." Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. Published by The Macmillan Company, 64 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 75c.

### BOOK REVIEWS

**The Centennial History of the American Bible Society.** Henry Otis Dwight. Published by The Macmillan Company, 64 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The strongest ally of missionary enterprise has always been the Bible Society.

It is not strange, therefore, to find the same great names connected with each. Every student of missions knows Samuel J. Mills, who—though he never achieved his heart's desire of being sent to the foreign field—was perhaps the greatest human factor in the missionary awakening of a century ago. He was one of the little band of students who at the prayer-meeting held in the lee of a hay-stack, near Williams College, started the enterprise which resulted in the establishment of the American Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church; and he, too, was instrumental in the founding of the American Bible Society six years later. The story of this Society is full of interest and romance. It is frequently the case that where the living voice cannot penetrate the printed page can carry the message. Dr. Dwight, in this volume of six hundred pages, written to commemorate the centenary of the Bible

Society, has told an appealing story which is wonderfully interwoven with the life history of the American nation.

**A Master Builder: The Life and Letters of Henry Yates Satterlee, First Bishop of Washington.** Charles H. Brent. Published by Longmans, Green & Company, Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York City. Price, \$4.00 net.

What would a man not give to be able to select his own biographer! The late Bishop of Washington was to be congratulated in that he lived a highly useful and effective life, but one might be forgiven for envying him in that he has Bishop Brent to tell the story. It is a gracious and generous character which is here depicted; a man who was set in the midst of many great events and who glorified all that he touched with the warmth and power of his own kindly and Christian nature. To come into contact with such a life, depicted and interpreted by such an author, is an event of spiritual significance.

**Pagans: A Missionary Play.** By the Rt. Rev. James H. Van Buren, D.D., Retired Bishop of Porto Rico. Published by The Young Churchman Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

This little play of Bishop Van Buren's is by far the best thing of its kind which we have seen of late. It not only gives instruction concerning the missionary work abroad, but is also exceedingly suggestive concerning the conditions existing in the home parish. The author has used the power of contrast most effectively, and has not neglected to employ humor and sarcasm upon occasion. The fact that a part of the play is written in metre will make it the easier and more attractive for children to memorize. We heartily commend this play to all who are seeking a means of entertainment and instruction.

**A Challenge to Life Service.** Frederick M. Harris and Joseph C. Robbins. Published by the National Board Young Women's Christian Associations, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Price, 50c.

This is one of a series of brief textbooks designed for the use of student classes, Sunday Schools, and voluntary study groups

in educational institutions. The twelve chapters are supposed to cover an equal number of weeks; each day has its assigned Bible reading with brief comment and questions, and the whole is gathered up at the close of the chapter in a discussion class, material for which is provided. The chapters deal with such questions as, Tension Points in the Modern World; Ideals of the Kingdom; The Christian in the Day's Work; The Church's Summons to Her Members, etc.

**World Missions and World Peace.** Caroline Atwater Mason. Published by the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, West Medford, Mass. Price: Paper covers, 30c; Boards, 50c.

This book is a suggestive treatment of the present situation, intended to meet the argument that without war men and nations lose their sense of the heroic and sacrificial. As the moral and Christian equivalent of war the constructive work of foreign Missions is here presented as supplying all the motives for heroism and self-sacrifice. The historical features of this book are especially suggestive. A study of it should do much to give a right perspective in these trying days.

**Its Radiant Hem.** The Rev. Frederick D. Graves. Published by The Church Missions Publishing Company, 211 State Street, Hartford, Conn. Price, 20c.

The missionary play here presented deals with our Mission in the District of Hankow, China, and tells about the hospital work in Wuchang. It contains much which is vivid and interesting, and will doubtless be found useful.

**Selected Quotations on Peace and War.** Compiled and published by the Commission on Christian Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Price, \$1.00 (postage ten cents extra).

The body of the book is an anthology on peace, containing 450 pages of the sayings of men of all ranks and ages upon this topic. At the close of the volume are thirteen lessons on Christian Fraternity, intended for use in Sunday Schools.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE MISSIONARIES

### Brazil

At the March 14th meeting of the Executive Committee, on request of Bishop Kinsolving, Mr. Franklin T. Osborn, of Hailey, Idaho, was appointed.

### Hankow

On February 18th Miss K. E. Scott and Miss Aimée B. Drake reached their destination.

Miss H. E. Hendricks, leaving the mis-

sion March 25th on the *S. S. Empress of Russia*, arrived Vancouver April 8th.

Sailing from Shanghai on the *S. S. Shinyo Maru* March 17th Miss Dorothy Mills reached San Francisco April 10th.

#### Kyoto

The Rev. R. A. Walke and family reached Kyoto February 23rd.

On the *S. S. Tenyo Maru* March 4th Mrs. H. St. George Tucker and children sailed for the United States and arrived on March 20th.

#### Philippines

Sailing on the *S. S. Empress of Japan* about the first of April Bishop Brent is due to arrive Vancouver April 26th.

Miss Margaret P. Waterman sailed from Manila on the *S. S. Tenyo Maru*, February 8th.

On April 5th Miss Frances G. Bartter, on furlough, left New York on the *S. S. Finland* for Liverpool.

#### Porto Rico

Sailing on the *S. S. Brazos* April 5th Miss Frances Cuddy arrived New York April 10th.

#### Shanghai

Miss Margaret H. Bates, of Cambridge, Mass., on request of Bishop Graves, was appointed a United Offering Worker by the Executive Committee on March 14th.

Arrived: February 1, Rev. John W. Nichols and family; February 7, Rev. H. A. McNulty and family; February 18th Mr. and Mrs. W. H. J. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Smalley sailed from the field on the *S. S. Empress of Russia* February 24th and arrived Vancouver March 8th.

On the *S. S. Tenyo Maru* February 18th the Rev. R. C. Wilson and family, also Mr. W. F. N. Borrmann, sailed for the United States and arrived San Francisco March 20th.

#### Tokyo

Having sailed from Seattle on February 18th on the *S. S. Manila Maru* Miss S. T. Rees arrived in Japan March 7th.

Miss C. M. Schereschewsky arrived March 18th, having sailed on March 2nd on the *S. S. Chiyo Maru*.

## MISSIONARY SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of clergy and other missionary workers available as speakers is published.

When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to Mr. John W. Wood, Secretary, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

#### Church Missions House Staff

The President and Secretaries of the Board are always ready to consider, and, so far as possible, respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

#### Secretaries of Provinces

I. — — —

II. Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York.

III. Rev. William C. Hicks, Woodward Building, Fifteenth and H Streets, Washington, D. C.

IV. Rev. R. W. Patton, P. O. Box 845, Atlanta, Ga.

V. — — —

VI. Rev. C. C. Rollit, D.D., 4400 Washburn Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

VII. Rev. Edward Henry Eckel, Sr., 211 W. Market Street, Warrensburg, Mo.

VIII. — — —

#### China

##### ANKING

Miss S. E. Hopwood.

##### SHANGHAI

Rev. R. C. Wilson (in Province I).

#### Cuba

Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse, D.D. (during May).

#### The Philippines

Rev. G. C. Bartter (in Province I).

#### Work Among Indians

Mrs. Baird Sumner Cooper of Wyoming, The Manheim Apartment, Allentown, Pa.

#### Work Among Negroes

Representing St. Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Va.; Archdeacon Russell, Lawrenceville, Va. Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Field Secretary, Portsmouth, Va. Rev. J. Alvin Russell, 5,000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Representing St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C.; Rev. A. B. Hunter.

Representing the schools and other missionary work in the diocese of South Carolina; Archdeacon Baskerville, Charleston, S. C.

# THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

## TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

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### THE PROMISED LAND

#### A FULFILLING OF DREAMS

*By Sister Edith Constance*

In 1914 Sister Edith Constance and Sister Helen Veronica of the Community of the Transfiguration went out from the mother house at Glendale in the Diocese of Southern Ohio to work in the District of Anking. Wuhu was to be their station and a girls' school opened there, but month after month passed, with trying, tedious delays, but at last, on March 19, 1916, Sister Edith Constance is able to write happily of their entrance into the long desired land of promise.



THE SISTERS AT WUHU

SISTER HELEN and I received your Christmas letter and cards. It is such a pleasant remembrance when we are reminded of our connection with the Board of Missions, and especially that we are United Offering missionaries. There is such a feeling of strength to know that so many are with us, and that our aim and hopes are one.

You could not imagine two hap-

pier persons than we are. All of these months past, Wuhu has been like a promised land—to be viewed afar, but not entered. Now we are really here it is just as nice as we thought it would be, and nicer! There have been times when we felt our call must be somewhere else, and but for our Community coming to the rescue, the Sisters and the school would have been indefinitely postponed. It would have been hard. The Christians had such faith that the school would open that they have educated three teachers for us at St. Hilda's at their own expense. These teachers are now waiting for us to open in the fall. We already have five dear girls who are being housed for us at St. Agnes' this term. When we have completed a small addition, we shall have room for about forty girls. That will be quite enough for us to begin with. We are too inexperienced in Chinese ways to safely undertake more.

I feel as if we were getting a little bit nearer the "edge of the wilderness," as Dr. Jeffreys calls one's initiation into Chinese, and as if an opening had been made in the impenetrable wall separating us from the people. I have been elected president of St. James' Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and that gives

me an opportunity of coming into closer touch with the women. When we arrived they all came out to call on us—over twenty—and the two dear Bible women. They brought us as a gift a dozen very dainty tea-cups and saucers.

We meet on Thursday afternoons. Last Thursday we gave out the work they are to do to sell for their pledge. I was quite fascinated with some pretty babies' bibs they are to embroider. They also make shoes. Shoes always sell.

We have a set of very easy Bible lessons. On one side of the sheet are large characters which we teach the women to read. Only a few can read at all. They are so earnest and so sweet, it is a joy to help them.

The Chinese women seem to be very affectionate. The elder ones will sit and hold my hand and treat me exactly as my own mother would. Last Thursday the two women who are preparing for Baptism asked Mrs. Thurlow and me to be their witnesses. After the meeting we went home with them to tea. Mrs. Thurlow is vice president, and Mrs. Wang is second vice president, Mrs. Li is secretary and treasurer. Sister Helen has been chosen leader of a fine branch of the Junior Auxiliary, including a boys' and a babies' branch as well as a girls' branch. The boys are making Chinese lanterns and paper flowers, the girls crocheting thread purses and knitting mittens, and the tiny ones are tying the silk hair nets the Chinese ladies wear. The babies are doing kindergarten work. Once a month they are to have a study period, taking up the missionary work being done in the Wuhu out stations and making scrolls with pictures and maps.

Yesterday we organized a sewing class of fifty-three girls. Mrs. Thurlow and Mr. Lund's cousin, who is spending the winter here, helped me. One thing that has seemed so pa-

thetic to me, is that few of the Chinese women can sew. If one gives a very poor woman material to make clothes, she has to employ a tailor to make it up. And their clothing is so simple! Only two of the girls knew anything about needle and thread. A little later we want to start a mothers' sewing meeting.

Friday, twenty-nine of the day-school girls and their two teachers came out from the city to spend the afternoon. It was a lovely day and we played games on the lawn. Our wall is not nearly high enough, and there was a large company outside—rows of heads looking over, and some persons climbed trees to get a better lookout. We had tea and cakes, and all went home happy. We asked Mrs. Thurlow and Miss Nicholson, Mr. Lund's cousin, to come, and Miss Nicholson said it was the best time she had had since she came to China.

Sister Helen and I take turns superintending the work on the house, though Mr. Thurlow really does the important part. The Chinese workmen are for all the world like children. When we are watching, they work quite well, but when we go into the house, they sit down and smoke and gossip. There are some grand trees on the place, but they have been badly neglected, so we had a man come to do some trimming. We had to stand under the tree and point with a bamboo pole to each branch to be cut and watch that he did it neatly. He has been eight and a half days at it, and it is not done yet. But the fresh air is good for us!

Sister and I have gone on Joshua's plan—"As for me and my house"—for our family, and we have had no opposing members. In fact we have a distinctly religious family. The other afternoon Sister and I were on the porch making practice clothes for sewing school, and our teacher

sat there reading his Bible, I asked him to read aloud from St. Mark, as we have studied that, and could follow. The coolie was within hearing, droning his catechism for catechumens, and the boy was preparing his lesson for receiving Baptism. It all sounded very sweet to my ears. The cook and his wife have both been confirmed this year. We hope our boy and one teacher will be baptized at Easter. This morning when we went to St. Mark's for service, it was just pouring, and Mr. Thurlow decided it would be better for the boys to have the service in their own chapel in the school. It is so small there was no room for any one else, so Mrs. Thurlow and her servants and our family had Morning Prayer in our sitting room.

The other evening the cook came and said that our six hens had been stolen by a neighbor, and he wanted to go to the police station and enter a complaint. As the man had torn

a hole in our wall, and stolen plants, I thought he had better be scared, so I let the cook go. Three policemen appeared, and looked over the ground and told our neighbor that unless the chickens were returned he would be escorted to the police station. Next morning the chickens had been dropped over our fence. You see the people occupying this house had really not lived in it for a year, neither would they let us live in it, so things have been pretty badly treated. We are finding much more to do than was necessary when I went over the place a year ago.

But we hope to be ready to open not later than September 28, that is, the formal opening. We shall doubtless have our teachers and girls here before that. Owing to the great heat work nearly stops during the summer. We did not bring anything down here from Anking, and are literally living in trunks and packing boxes, with some borrowed beds, but we are very happy.

## THE AUXILIARY'S QUIET HOUR

A little company of the Woman's Auxiliary—from Long Island, two; from Maine, one; from Maryland, one; from Michigan, two; from New Jersey, one; from Pennsylvania, one, and a missionary teacher from Honolulu—met in the Chapel of the Missions House on Thursday, April 13, for our closing service of the season and for a Quiet Hour.

Bishop Lloyd has permitted that the words spoken to these few and taken down and transcribed by one of our helpers, should be printed in the Auxiliary pages of this month as his message to the whole Auxiliary:

### DISCIPLESHIP: PRAYER: WITNESS:

When I was asked to meet the officers of the Auxiliary to-day, it seemed to me that there was nothing we could do that would be so profitable as to get back to the very

foundations of things, and call to mind the reason why we do it all.

The older we grow, the more I am persuaded that the reason the earth does not become civilized, the reason the Christ is kept waiting—in spite of devotion, in spite of effort, in spite of self-denials, in spite of the willingness of many to bear anything which will help—is that we cannot get away from the notion that the King's business may be done with man's methods. All the propagation of the Gospel, all our sermons to the people, the lifting up of Christ from the earth, every effort to show the Father, must be done in the ordinary ways of life. If we give our means to feed those who teach the gospel, it is exactly as though, having certain work to do, we performed our task. Yet we know, deep down in our hearts, that separated from Him we can do nothing. Doing without things—those things oftentimes that we ought to have—denying ourselves, is useless if He does not show us how, if He does not use it—it is all for nothing. Unless we can keep always in the Presence it will be impossible for

Him to use our bodies—because the ideal of service is that we should keep our body so clean, and that we should keep ourselves so separated from the things that we are set on, that the Christ can use our bodies to do what He will and can do. That is what we meant just now, when we offered ourselves to be “a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice” unto Him; so that nothing could keep us from hearing His voice, so that nothing could keep us from His service, so that nothing might draw us from what He sees fit to lay upon us. That is away beyond anything we can do, to be able to look in His face and make Him know that, as far as He is able to help us, we want to be capable.

Before I came this morning, I had been looking over a program of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Washington and saw the title of one of the subjects, “The Basis of Christian Service: Discipleship, Prayers, Witness.” That is just what we want: First, Discipleship; second, Prayer; third, Witness. Isn't that just the thing we have heard all our lives, the thing we have been doing all our lives? Will you think I am wasting your time if I ask you to think of it again? For, after all, as the officers are, the Auxiliary is going to be, and I have often told you that public sentiment in the Church is slowly but surely changing the spirit of the times; and it is not the activity, not the constant thought, not the urgency of the Woman's Auxiliary, but that irresistible influence which silence exercises when one's life is consistent, which will tell. The women are going to form public sentiment in the Church, when it is formed. When people learn of your success, when people learn why God prospers you, when they realize that it is because Christ is there, then you will have the real influence which will mould public sentiment and make for action. It will be because the Auxiliary, by the pressure of the example of the life lived by Christ in God, has shown the people the root cause of all the troubles and difficulties and dangers. It is a splendid challenge. You want to get away from just *doing things*, into that kind of irresistible enthusiasm in which the doing of things is the only possible expression of the open evidence of joy.

What is the question of this Discipleship? What is Discipleship? I believe that the reason why to-day I am not able to do the part of a man whom Christ has called to His work in the way a man has a right to expect to do it, is because for so many years I have thought that discipleship meant *doing things*. I have not realized that to man Christ must give capacity, strength, wisdom, that the most awful of

pagan superstitions is that of self-repression, the idea that we serve God by repressing self. It has twisted more beautiful lives than one would believe, for it makes people think that discipleship consists in killing natural impulses; that discipleship means fastings, prayer, preparations, retreats and times of silence; that discipleship means *doing things on this earth*. All these things are gymnastics, like going to school, like putting oneself into the hands of a fencing master and developing one's body in such a way as to be able to do certain things. It is not discipleship. Discipleship is really sitting at another man's feet in order that he may teach you. My disciple is the one who comes and sits down by me to find out what I think; who comes to me and lays bare his littleness and his aspiration and his estimates and his point of view, in order that they may be corrected by my judgment. A disciple is a person who follows another person in order to learn how to do what that person does, after he has found out why the other person does it. Those people that left their nets and went with Jesus were His disciples. What do you suppose they did it for? Did they change their manner of life, their way of doing things, their point of view, their relations to mankind, simply as marks of their piety; or did they let everything else go, in order that they might know the way this Man did things, be present whenever He was doing things, that they might be present with Him on the Mount? The one who has been taught by Jesus, the one who knows what it is that Jesus wants to do and what the things are that the Master has set His heart on, and what His final estimate of the outcome is, and how He is going to do it, is truly His disciple. And I believe the test of discipleship may easily be judged by the habit of going apart in order to find out,—not what Jesus would do if He were in New York (that is fascinating, but very misleading), but what we can find out concerning human relations in the light of the manner in which He acted and spoke in the days when He was in the flesh. There is plenty in the Gospels of the very teaching of Jesus to meet any sort of combination which human experience can bring us to, and it is sustaining, if we only had courage and steadfastness to find out that there is never any occasion for being fanatical or for contradicting the law of God or by leading anyone else to believe that in order to get into Heaven they must go through certain experiences and forms. That is pagan. What we want to do is to get clearly defined what a man is like, what his relationship is to things around him, and what he has to deal with, and how. This

is discipleship, and can be accomplished only by Christ Himself. I have seen people, I have, myself, been so busy doing things that I was set to do in the name of Christ, that I have seemed to be lacking in sympathy for my fellow servant who was in trouble. I have been so busy doing things I am set to do in the name of Christ that I did not have time to be courteous to the person who wanted to know how. Don't you see the contradiction? It is not because we do not want to be like Him, it is because we don't know how; and we shall never know how until we have settled ourselves quietly at the feet of Jesus Christ, and learned from Him how He does the thing that we see Him do.

And so the only word I want you to keep is that discipleship is not *doing* things, that discipleship is not in acts of religion or anything we can do, that discipleship is in keeping ourselves in the attitude of learners. The discipleship of Jesus is keeping so near to Him that He will teach us what the things which give color to our lives actually are, that the value of the things, that the essential oneness of Himself and all of us in Him may become a real thing. John leaned on His bosom. Learning on His bosom does not signify, but the tremendous fact is that Christ could have that kind of close friendship with a man who was trying to learn. You and I can do the same thing, if we can rise to the height to which St. John rose when he saw in his Master the revelation of God's image.

And this discipleship. I do not know how more clearly to define it unless it be this: that if I found a man who knew perfectly well how to do the best thing permitted, I would never want to leave him, but stay where I could hear him talk, and watch his face while he was talking, and observe him in his tasks, so that I might catch something of what that power is that drives him,—that I might be his disciple. And the Christ lets us do that. Living just our lives, breathing just our aspirations, longing for just the thing we know He longed for, He will teach us aright. If that is the basis on which our industry rests, once we can get to the conviction that we might as well be breaking things up as trying to do things without Him, we shall understand just what it means when a man is His disciple.

That is the rule, and if He will help us, we will not try to do anything until He shows us how. If He will help us we shall not form any opinion of badness until He has taught us. If He will help us we are going to forget that man ever did anything by himself, we are going to get into unity with Him.

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The next thing is perfectly natural. Discipleship saves us from working about in a circle, from wasting our energy and enthusiasm, from supposing that God's purpose can be accomplished by the little things that you and I can do. And the next thing, the inevitable thing, is Prayer.

What does prayer mean? It means listening for Him to tell us.

I start out in the morning with a splendid day's work before me. I know just how it ought to be done. I have the thing to do it with, and the very first thing I find is that I am thinking what praise I am going to receive, how people will be impressed, and I forget that I am His disciple. Did you ever have the experience of seeing a wonderful thing in your hand spoiled because you handled it carelessly, the freshness and beauty of it destroyed because you did not know it was worth while to renew it? It is like a small child learning to walk—his legs are all right, but he doesn't know how to balance his body. When I begin to think I am essential to the task it is because I did not spend yesterday with Him. When I begin to take myself seriously, it is because I forget that He would talk with me about it, and so I try to work alone, and some one else is made to feel my superiority. Do you remember that servant who would not forgive his fellow? It was awful, wasn't it? But that is the spirit. So often one who is full of enthusiasm to help is entirely discouraged by the superiority of the other; one was foolish, and the other intelligent; one was clever, the other got in the way; one did the best he could, the other was incompetent—but they were both disciples. See, then, how essential it is that by getting between me and my task He shall shield me from myself. There is reason for me to have a conference with Him, isn't there? The time has come that I must go to Him and have Him tell me the most distressing and humiliating thing that mortals can hear, that I have been guilty of that strange fatuity which takes itself seriously, that thing which gets into all of us sometimes. The awful humiliation of it—it is like a maid-servant treating your friends with disrespect because you happen to be out of your drawing-room! In the necessity of talking with Him we have to get rid of that. The reason of our spiritual weakness is because we talk so much to Him, and won't hear what He has to say to us. We make so much clamor that He cannot tell us, "Be still, and know that I am God."

And so, in all our relations with Him, we must learn to listen; and in order to do that we may make as many acts of religion as we please, but don't let us call

it discipline. Why do we fast? Is it for any reason in the world but that we may get more control over our body? It isn't simply that I may be hungry,—my Father doesn't want that. It is that I may be developed in such a way that I may be fit to come into His Presence. It is the difference between rational relaxation and the making of our body's comfort the whole thing. And in all the other things by which we discipline ourselves, they should be done with the idea that we must correct our thinking, our practice of our duty toward people, that we may get rid of the hardness which can wound what is weak and has no power to resist, in order that we may come where He is. And I believe the reason why the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was given to us is just because these things I am talking about are intangible. There is so much that cannot be explained, that must be felt, and we must be in a certain condition of mind to feel it and appreciate others who feel it. It is like an experience I once had with a man who wanted to make an appointment to see me, and I could not make it at the hour he desired because I had to come back here for noon-day prayers. And when I told him this, he answered me almost with heat, "All right, you go on and pray, and I will go and attend to the King's business." Now, that man was speaking the truth, he was entirely right, but he was putting the emphasis in the wrong place. And so these vital things are made less significant, just because they are so intangible. The real fact is the food which Christ has supplied for us. The stupendous fact lies here; this is a perfectly new thing in life, life could not be sustained with anything the earth could provide, could but be fed on the Body and the Blood of Christ, the food the Father supplied to those with whom Christ shared His life. That is the supremest thing in the revelation. But who can grasp it? Therefore, He gave to us the elements Himself. He said, "Every time you break this Bread, it is a witness that My Life sustains your life; every time that you drink My Blood it is the witness that My Life in you shall spring up continually to refresh you." Therefore, all these things called acts of religion find their consummation at the Altar, and we must pray to the Christ, listen to what the Christ says, exercise ourselves that we may be fit to be taught by Him, and it will be our privilege to come to the Altar as we did this morning and take that strength which He offers. If I can only be fit to take the Lord's Supper, if I can only come and myself look into His face when I receive the blessed elements, if I can only come simply and not afraid, there is the Christ

to give me my token, if I can only have the courage to let myself be out of sight and offer that token to my Father as a proof that my Master will stand for me. It all brings itself home to the spiritual relation which gives us all power that is in Heaven and in earth for the little task which perhaps for the moment means nothing more than this, gentleness in my own home, loving thought for others, that mercy which will be needed that the wretchedness of the earth may disappear from it and the earth be made sweet and a fit place to live in. And that will make us realize how we must not try to do things ourselves, that will make us His disciples, that will make us pray that we may be fit always to pray, constantly to watch that we may keep ourselves fit to receive the Holy Sacrament.

\* \* \*

And now for a moment the last one of these three things. The discipleship recognized, the inevitableness of prayer admitted, the necessity of listening to Him, at last we come to the third—Witness.

This was what Paul meant when he said to those early Christians, "Ye are our epistles, read and known of all men." This is the answer. The people to whom he wrote had been mightily beset by those who said they were teaching nonsense, and they had argued and substituted many clever things, and had bewildered and puzzled their less learned brethren who said that Paul was not to be depended upon, that there was no reason in what he said, that he lacked all sense. And coming to Paul, they asked him, "What shall we say? How shall we answer?" And he replied, "Say nothing. Let them look at you. Ye are my witnesses." This is the basis of service. When people saw their lives, they did not need arguments.

In two weeks from now we are going to rejoice in the revelation of the Resurrection. We are His witnesses. Will people be relieved of the necessity of making arguments about the Resurrection after they have seen us, or not? Could we be what we are without the Resurrection? If we were not risen in Him, could we be what we are? Prove to me that it could not have happened, and I have failed to be His witness. The saddest evidence of our lack of faith is the number of people who have written solemn books to prove that Christ never rose from the dead. The most solemn witness to the Church's failure to do what it was intended to do is the number of people who doubt this fact. And only those who have kept the faith, who have fought the good fight, will know on Easter morning that He is risen indeed. What is the reason? It is two thousand years since that power has been sweeping the earth, and

to-day many have forgotten. "Ye are my epistles, known and read of all men." *Witness*—the basis of service. Our life is the proof of our message, our life the test of the value of what we were sent to show, our life the answer to questions, our life the hope to those in darkness.

And you can see the practicalness of it. The only way a man could come to know the Father was to see a man live as His Father would live, showing something a man could not conceive, giving a new starting point, a new basis for estimates. This could not have been done except in terms of human life, mortal human life, and in the performance of a mortal's duty in a mortal's way towards humans, in order that people might see how the thing which they are able to do would be done if it were perfectly performed and exactly adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. The Blessed One never expected any one to learn that revelation by things said, but rather by human acts to interpret the Father. The understanding of what the Father is has to be shown to humans, because "Ye are my witnesses—witnesses to the uttermost ends of the earth." This was the last thing He said before He went back to His glory. You are going to do what I have done in you, be My witnesses, to make people understand what their Father is like by showing them how their Father would live.

The basis of service:—*Witness*. I bring you that with the greater joy because I do not believe there is any joy in service so long as we are tempted to use that word responsibility. What is the connection? The thinking that the saving of the earth is dependent upon something we can do, and we feel that we must do it to the uttermost; but we become so absorbed in the doing that we forget that we are His witnesses. *He* is going to do it. Our business is to be His witnesses, and so long as we use the term responsibility and think of things in terms and forms, we are likely to clean forget that that is not the way the Father would have done it. And so I want to emphasize this last word. My business is to be His witness. His promise is that He will do it. I think if I could once get that fact completely, if I could only get it that way, nothing could keep me from doing while I lived. Nothing would be so entrancing as to do what He sent me to do, because I would catch some of the wonderful color of it, and my heart would sing for joy all the time, because I would know it could not fail—and that just because I am not responsible. I believe that the surest test of faithful service is that joy is in it. There is no such thing as faithful service if a person is depressed and unhappy and

miserable, because service should fill us with joy. I am His witness. If I do not bear His witness everything is useless. If I cannot get that, that I am His witness, who is responsible?

I will find in bearing witness that I cannot leave off from my task. Sleeping and waking, I shall be at it all my time. I shall go to sleep in order that I may be refreshed for the waking time when I shall perform it. All I have to do is to make people see how beautiful my Father is by looking at me. If we could do this by helping one another, we would have nothing but the best to give.

And so I leave these three thoughts with you: We must be, first, His disciples; next, we should be always going to Him by prayer, by making ourselves fit for the sacrifice; and, then, the last, see that the service we are doing bears witness to the truth of what He said. The life we live, the witness, the power of Him to do what He promised and our ability to declare the fulfilment of His promise that He would never leave us or forsake us, are our hope. The fact of its being my duty to bear witness for Him is the limit of my service, and the responsibility for the way the day goes is His, and my enthusiasm for service is going to be just in proportion. I have earned a high privilege—the honor is in being permitted to serve Him.

## AN ENGLISH JUBILEE

From May 6th to 13th, the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel holds its two hundred and fifteenth anniversary, and at the same time its Women's Committee are celebrating the fiftieth year of their existence.

We are sending a letter of greeting, and a few friends who have enjoyed visits to the S. P. G. House have added fifty pounds towards the Jubilee offering, in recognition of the fifty years of this Committee's service, and as a slight sign of sympathy in this expression of their belief that amidst these dark and anxious times, the progress of Christ's Kingdom shall go unhindered on its way.

We ask the members of the Woman's Auxiliary to remember the S. P. G. and especially its women's committee during these Jubilee days, in their prayers.

## THE JUNIOR PAGE

### FROM THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT IN THE DIOCESE OF OLYMPIA

*Deaconess Nosler, President; Mrs. Francis J. Armstrong, 1376  
Lake Avenue South, Seattle, Wash., Secretary*

OUR united diocesan work is young, but because of this we may be able to help and inspire others weaker than ourselves.

We have had but three annual and two semi-annual meetings, but we now wonder how our work ever lived without them; for it is at these meetings we receive renewed life and enthusiasm and it is for them we are ever planning and working.

The annual meeting is held the Saturday preceding the diocesan convention. At eleven we have a short service which includes a service of admission for the new Juniors. The children received at this time are those who for six months have fulfilled the following rules: 1. Live, active members of their Branch; 2. Never absent without reasonable excuse; 3. Learned Junior Collect; 4. Remembered United Offering box; 5. Written a paper on Junior Auxiliary.

This service is followed by an address by our bishop and the receiving and presenting of our United Offering. At twelve the Juniors and women of the Auxiliary of the entertaining parish serve a simple luncheon, after which ample time is given to examine the work, each branch having its table of work and gifts. At one-thirty the business meeting is called to order. This consists of the secretary's and treasurer's reports and a report from each branch secretary. At two we have a missionary play or program. After this the younger girls go home, and the leaders and older girls meet for election of officers and other important business.

The semi-annual meeting is held in the fall.

Another source of inspiration has been our leaders' meetings, sometimes in a simple parish house, again in a leader's beautiful home.

First, there is a short devotional service, followed by a business meeting at which, in our informal way, we discuss our difficulties and successes and plan our work. After a happy social hour around the luncheon table we take up our lesson. We have been studying the Junior Book, using as our

guide the correspondence course on the Junior Department.

It is the diocesan ideal to have all money raised by free will offerings or a mystery play, each Branch giving one play a year.

In our parish the three sections hold their separate meetings once a week, with their own business meetings monthly and occasional social meetings at the homes. Twice a year there are joint meetings of all sections, to which parents and friends are invited. One of these is held at the close of the year's work, in May or June, at which it has been the custom for several years for the members to pledge themselves to earn or save through the summer vacation fifty cents each, to be given as a free-will offering toward starting the work again in the fall. The Little Helpers pledge half this amount.

The other meeting in September we call an experience meeting and each one tells how she earned her pledge. The rector then receives the offerings in the alms basin, and one verse of Hymn 478 ("Holy Offerings rich and rare") is sung.—*St. Marks, Seattle.*

The Juniors take entire charge of their own finances, making and spending their money with great pleasure and success.—*St. Andrew's, Seattle.*

Once a month we have our study class. The girls are divided into groups of four, each given a country and asked to tell something of its inhabitants—of their home life, play, manner of dress, etc., according to chapter then being discussed.

We feel that having their own organization has done wonders to hold the interest of the girls. In all branches of the work the president appoints her committees, the girls feel the responsibility laid upon them and live up to it. Allowing the younger girls to take turns in closing the meetings by repeating a prayer which they have chosen from the Prayer Book is a great aid in securing interest.—*St. James' Mission, Seattle.*

## WITH THE MANAGING EDITOR

OUR first statement naturally deals with the Lenten Offering Number. We printed a special edition of 100,000 copies for the use of the Sunday-schools. When we came to count this edition we found that we had a few more than 2,000 extra copies. The regular edition was 35,000. The total edition for March, therefore, was a little over 137,000 copies. Not only has every copy been sold, but we have had orders for thousands of copies which could not be filled. This is a splendid result, and it is all because the good friends—rectors of parishes, superintendents of schools, teachers of classes—made it possible. We all wish to thank you for what you have done and we wish especially to emphasize the fact that it is for you good people throughout the Church generally, to determine how big the edition is to be next Lent. This year many people were disappointed simply because they did not order in time. Next year we are going to try for a larger edition and hope your copies will be ordered in plenty of time. The 1916 Lenten Offering Number is now a finished work, but the good which you have enabled it to do will live always.

During March we have received 1,027 new and 1,944 renewal subscriptions—a total of 2,971. It is hard to compare this year's figures with last, owing to the fact that this year the March, and not the February issue, was the Lenten Offering Number. If we contrast the actual months of the issues we find that March, 1916, is away ahead of February, 1915. But we find on the other hand that March, 1916, is a little behind March, 1915. It will be better therefore to wait until after Easter, before we try to determine just how this year's effort compares with last. As in the sale of

the Lenten Offering Number, however, we must depend upon you to determine the size of the edition. Each one of you can do more—and do it better—than we can, in getting others to subscribe.

Think the matter over and see if there is not one person who would subscribe if you asked him to do so.

This leads to another subject which is of vital importance, in which you alone must decide how much we can together accomplish. A number of business houses, educational institutions, and other interests, advertise in our columns. We would not accept these advertisements if we did not believe in the honesty and integrity of the various firms or corporations or individuals whom they represent. These advertisements help us to give you a better paper, from the standpoint of material and workmanship. We therefore ask your direct help in two ways: first, that you patronize those who advertise in our columns, whenever you can; and second, that in writing them you mention *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*. To do so will in no way compromise your position and it will greatly strengthen ours.

The above suggestions in the matter of subscriptions and advertisements are rather mundane, perhaps. However, we must not forget that we are in the very midst of earthly activities and that we have set our hands to the production of a magazine in a day when magazine-production is an exact science. The editorial character of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* is not your responsibility, but the welcome which *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* is to receive in the world at large is your care. Therefore (a) ask your neighbor to subscribe, and (b) patronize our advertisers.

# ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF OFFERINGS

TO APPLY ON THE APPORTIONMENT AND AID  
THE BOARD IN MEETING ITS APPROPRIATION

Offerings are asked to sustain missions in thirty-three missionary districts in the United States and possessions, Africa, China, Japan, Brazil, Haiti, Mexico and Cuba and in the Canal Zone; in thirty-eight dioceses, including missions to the Indians and to the negroes; to pay the salaries of thirty-two bishops, and stipends to about 2,584 missionary workers, domestic and foreign; also two general missionaries to the Swedes and three missionaries among deaf mutes in the Middle West and the South; and to support schools, hospitals and orphanages.

With all the remittances the name of the Diocese and Parish should be given. Remittances, when practicable, should be by Check or Draft, and should always be made payable to the order of George Gordon King, Treasurer, and sent to him, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Remittances in Bank Notes are not safe unless sent in Registered Letters.

The Treasurer of the Board of Missions acknowledges the receipt of the following from September 1st, 1915, to April 1st, 1916.

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1915, to October 1st, 1916	Amount received from September 1st, 1915, to Apr. 1st, 1916	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1915, to October 1st, 1916	Amount received from September 1st, 1915, to Apr. 1st, 1916
PROVINCE I			PROVINCE IV		
Connecticut .....	\$57,254	\$12,927.08	Alabama .....	\$7,629	\$691.70
Maine .....	4,989	851.82	Atlanta .....	5,675	812.13
Massachusetts .....	81,891	35,813.35	East Carolina .....	3,896	3,323.08
New Hampshire .....	6,567	1,549.55	Florida .....	5,028	1,886.62
Rhode Island .....	23,239	8,076.20	Georgia .....	4,636	629.13
Vermont .....	4,462	1,450.63	Kentucky .....	8,426	2,664.39
W. Massachusetts ..	15,617	4,003.45	Lexington .....	2,561	635.85
	\$194,019	\$64,672.08	Louisiana .....	8,587	2,978.79
PROVINCE II			Mississippi .....	5,622	916.23
Albany .....	\$27,201	\$6,715.32	North Carolina .....	6,954	1,638.63
Central New York ..	24,577	6,177.36	South Carolina .....	8,820	3,061.23
Long Island .....	65,210	7,802.87	Tennessee .....	7,510	1,036.95
Newark .....	44,770	12,162.57	Asheville .....	2,683	636.30
New Jersey .....	31,765	5,896.41	Southern Florida ...	2,194	421.80
New York .....	282,507	92,272.47		\$80,221	\$21,332.83
W. New York .....	29,709	6,713.01			
Porto Rico .....	268	30.00			
	\$506,007	\$137,770.01	PROVINCE V.		
PROVINCE III			Chicago .....	\$47,252	\$9,526.45
Bethlehem .....	\$20,438	\$4,408.34	Fond du Lac .....	3,824	656.89
Delaware .....	5,180	2,201.45	Indianapolis .....	4,681	887.13
Easton .....	2,764	415.92	Marquette .....	2,490	619.39
Erie .....	6,880	697.26	Michigan .....	16,888	6,605.17
Harrisburg .....	11,464	1,863.98	Michigan City .....	2,458	296.86
Maryland .....	34,828	9,728.26	Milwaukee .....	11,077	1,628.90
Pennsylvania .....	148,737	51,255.94	Ohio .....	25,278	6,750.20
Pittsburgh .....	25,433	8,675.02	Quincy .....	2,635	686.50
Southern Virginia ..	18,663	3,103.11	Southern Ohio .....	15,698	4,183.13
Virginia .....	15,112	6,958.10	Springfield .....	3,114	527.46
Washington .....	23,750	5,495.46	W. Michigan .....	6,888	1,035.85
W. Virginia .....	6,822	2,423.64			
	\$320,071	\$97,226.48		\$142,283	\$33,403.93

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1915, to October 1st, 1916	Amount received from September 1st, 1915, to Apr. 1st, 1916	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1915, to October 1st, 1916	Amount received from September 1st, 1915, to Apr. 1st, 1916
PROVINCE VI.			PROVINCE VIII.		
Colorado .....	\$9,198	\$630.91	California .....	\$13,756	\$1,324.14
Duluth .....	3,404	581.83	Los Angeles .....	15,045	1,974.49
Iowa .....	8,570	934.11	Olympia .....	5,176	320.17
Minnesota .....	16,772	2,133.57	Oregon .....	4,087	510.64
Montana .....	5,022	768.55	Sacramento .....	2,492	130.40
Nebraska .....	4,124	917.92	Alaska .....	1,007	338.27
North Dakota .....	2,166	178.29	Arizona .....	1,139	322.15
South Dakota .....	3,463	778.89	Eastern Oregon ....	706	44.15
Western Colorado .....	664	145.57	Honolulu .....	2,011	...
Western Nebraska .....	1,452	441.25	Idaho .....	2,094	369.25
Wyoming .....	2,158	390.07	Nevada .....	765	233.41
			San Joaquin .....	1,227	369.63
	\$56,993	\$7,900.96	Spokane .....	2,420	311.65
			Philippines .....	484	5.00
			Utah .....	1,002	357.15
				\$53,411	\$6,610.50
PROVINCE VII.			Anking .....	\$194	\$18.28
Arkansas .....	\$3,514	\$192.12	Brazil .....	242	67.25
Dallas .....	3,330	389.45	Canal Zone .....	194	194.67
Kansas .....	4,640	632.65	Cuba .....	814	30.66
Missouri .....	13,362	4,407.49	Haiti .....	...	5.00
Texas .....	6,496	2,570.71	Hankow .....	242	...
West Missouri .....	4,929	614.79	Kyoto .....	155	...
West Texas .....	2,403	431.15	Liberia .....	406	323.64
Eastern Oklahoma .....	1,216	332.89	Mexico .....	406	100.00
New Mexico .....	1,068	583.53	Shanghai .....	242	62.45
North Texas .....	691	232.45	Tokyo .....	319	30.45
Oklahoma .....	1,158	423.83	European Ch.s .....	1,624	107.50
Salina .....	853	164.16	Foreign Miscel. ....	...	2.42
				\$4,838	\$942.32
	\$43,660	\$10,975.22	Miscellaneous .....	.....	1062.50
			Total .....	\$1,401,278	\$381,896.83

## OFFERINGS TO PAY APPROPRIATIONS

SOURCE	1916 TO APRIL 1	1915 TO APRIL 1	INCREASE	DECREASE
1. From congregations .....	\$296,241.93	\$315,874.54	.....	\$19,632.61
2. From individuals .....	35,590.51	61,404.67	.....	25,814.16
3. From Sunday-schools .....	5,983.03	6,516.08	.....	533.05
4. From Woman's Auxiliary .....	44,081.36	52,665.96	.....	8,584.60
5. From interest .....	91,139.18	56,309.38	\$34,829.80	.....
6. Miscellaneous items .....	3,893.43	5,934.75	.....	2,041.32
Total .....	\$476,929.44	\$498,705.38	.....	*\$21,775.94
7. Woman's Auxiliary United Offering .....	42,000.00	42,000.00	.....	.....
Total .....	\$518,929.44	\$540,705.38	.....	*\$21,775.94

\* This decrease is owing wholly to the early response last year to the Emergency Fund appeal, which, on April 1st, had amounted to \$39,500. It is interesting to note, however, that the \$518,900 received this year is \$40,000 more than was received in 1914.

## APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE YEAR

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1915, TO OCTOBER 1ST, 1916

Amount Needed for the Year

To pay appropriations as made to date for the work at home and abroad.....	\$1,632,862.57
Total receipts to date applicable on appropriations.....	518,929.44
Amount needed before September 30th, 1916.....	1,113,933.13

# A LIST OF LEAFLETS

Leaflets noted herein may be had from the Literature Department, 281 Fourth Avenue. Order by department and number. Asterisks mark recent publications. For the quarterly leaflets of the Church Prayer League, address Holy Cross House, West Park, Ulster Co., N. Y.

- Devotional**
- 50 Prayers for Missions.  
51 A Litany for Missions.  
52 Mid-Day Intercessions for Missions.  
54 Mid-Day Prayer Card.
- Alaska**
- 800—The Borderland of the Pole.
- Brazil**
- 1400 Our Farthest South.
- Canal Zone**
- M. 1 The Canal Zone.
- China**
- 200 The Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui. (Holy Catholic Church in China.)  
202 Investments in China.  
205 We Have It! (St. Mary's Hall.)  
210 \*Developing Chinese Womanhood. (Report of St. Mary's Hall.)  
247 Practical Ideals in Medical Missions. 5c.  
268 A Year at Boone University.  
271 A Year at St. John's University, Shanghai.  
272 St. John's University, Shanghai.  
M. 6 At the Close of Day.  
M. 7 A Summer Day in a Chinese Dispensary.
- Cuba, Porto Rico and Haiti**
- 500 In the Greater Antilles.
- Honolulu**
- 1007 The Cross Roads of the Pacific.
- Indians**
- 600 The First Americans.
- Japan**
- 300 The Nippon Sei Ko Kwai. (Holy Catholic Church in Japan.)  
301 \*What Shall the Future Be? (St. Agnes' School, Kyoto.)  
302 \*Five Reasons for St. Paul's University, Tokyo.  
326 How to Win Japan and Where to Begin. "Help Wanted." (St. Margaret's School, Tokyo.)
- Liberia**
- 100 Our Foothold in Africa.
- Mexico**
- M. 3 A Year in Mexico.
- Negroes**
- 700 The Church Among the Negroes.
- The Philippines**
- 407 The Cross, The Flag and The Church. J.M. 1. From Head-Axe to Scalpel.
- United States**
- M. 4 A Year in South Dakota.  
M. 5 A Year in New Mexico.
- The Forward Movement**
- A complete set of Forward Movement leaflets will be sent on application.
- Educational Department**
- Information: 5c. each; 25, \$1.20; 50, \$2.25; 1.00, \$4.00.  
3055 Catalogue of Publications.  
3071 The Library of the Church Missions House.
- The Sunday-school**
- 1 Ten Missionary Stories That Every Young Churchman Should Know. 10c.  
2 A Litany for Children.  
5 Two Experiments with the Lenten Offering.
- Miscellaneous**
- The Missionary Story of the General Convention.  
900 The Church's Mission at Home and Abroad. Bishop Lloyd.  
912 Four definitions.  
913 Concerning "Specials."  
914 The Board of Missions and Special Gifts.  
941 How Can I Give to a Particular Object And Yet Give to the Apportionment?  
944 Women in the Mission Field.  
946 How to Volunteer.  
956 The Why and How of the Missionary Budget.  
969 The Church and the World.  
970 Why Believe in Foreign Missions?  
978 \*At Home.  
979 \*Abroad.  
980 \*Everywhere.

## THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

- W.A. 1. A Message from the Triennial.  
W.A. 2. To Treasurers.  
W.A. 4. Collects for Daily Use.  
W.A. 8. The Power of the Weak.  
W.A. 10. Prehistoric Days.  
W.A. 13. How Can I Help?  
W.A. 14. Why Should I Be a Member?  
W.A. 16. A Bit of History, 5c. each.  
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